HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXI.—No. 1080.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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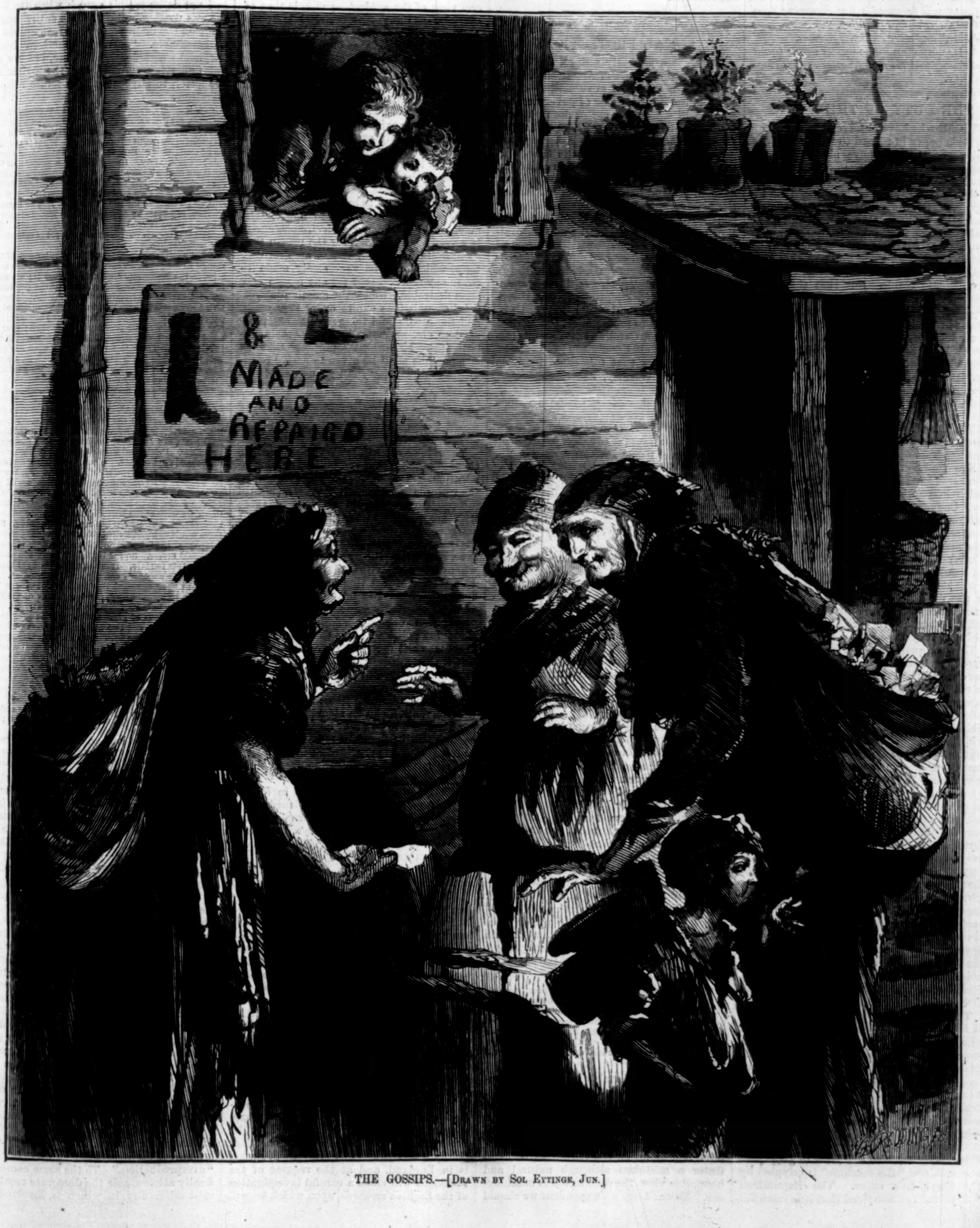

THE GOSSIPS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

☞ HARPER'S BAZAR *for September* 15 *contains the beginning of a very interesting series of papers by* MRS. H. R. HAWEIS *on* "THE ART OF BEAUTY." *The subject is ably treated in its relations to dress, household embellishment, etc.; and the series will be found worthy of careful attention.*

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THOSE who have observed the course of this paper in regard to "the machine" will agree that we have always insisted upon the necessity of concerted action to secure political results. It is not the work or the organization of a "machine" that we oppose, for the work is necessary and the organization indispensable. There is a great deal of trouble to be taken in practical politics, a great deal of time and money to be spent; in a word, there must be thorough and efficient organization, or there will be no adequate result. But that this work should be done exclusively or chiefly by the office-holding class is not to be suffered, because it submits the control of the country to a selfish oligarchy—a situation which is obviously full of danger, and which every good citizen will seek to avoid. Now the conviction and public spirit which oppose "the machine" can not safely be satisfied with its destruction. They must assume the work which they are unwilling that official selfishness should monopolize. A strong argument against "the machine," and one that has been strenuously urged in the city of New York, is that it excluded a multitude of earnest and intelligent men from participation in politics. Nobody could go to a State Convention, or be nominated for any position whatever, unless he belonged to a ward association, officered and managed by "the machine," and in which a condition of membership was a pledge always to support the regular action of "the machine." But now that "the machine" has been deranged by the order of the President, will these earnest and intelligent men come forward and take the active part from which it is said that they have been debarred?

This is a question for every man who has angrily protested against the old system and has cheered the President in his course. Is he willing to help the good work? Does he expect the President to purify politics by an order? Does he suppose that the work which "the machine" has done will do itself when "the machine" is disabled? The argument of "the machine" has always been that it was wiser not to touch it, because if it was once broken, it would be succeeded by something worse. This argument will be in great danger of justification unless intelligent and patriotic men of all ages and pursuits use the opportunity which the overthrow of "the machine" offers them. Their duty—and it is a great public duty, which may well appeal to the patriotism and enthusiasm and ambition of young men—is to move at once and to associate themselves for action. There are hundreds and thousands of such men in every great city, there are some of them in every community, who have recoiled from what they think to be the dirty work of politics. But the work is not dirty unless they make it so, and every decent man who takes part makes it less dirty.

The time is most auspicious for this revival in politics, for this co-operation of those who think they have no knowledge and no taste for politics, but who "took a hand" against the TWEED Ring in 1871, and succeeded. They must do a little of the same work all the time. It is the condition of healthful politics, and the prize is well worth the work. The time is especially auspicious, because party lines are seriously relaxed, public opinion demands reform, the President is resolved, the press in great part is sound, and "the machine" is crippled by the President's order. The Republican "machine" can not plead that it is essential to party success, for it is plain that "the machine" management had brought the party to the verge of destruction, and its continued ascendency would have overthrown it utterly. If the old engineers should stand aside with sneers to see how the new hands succeed, the new hands can truly say that they can not possibly do worse than the old have done. But those who rejoice most to see the President willing to lead in the good work must also see that he has greatly increased their labors. It is very pleasant and very easy to demand of somebody else a reform of the vicious civil service system, but the question of the moment for every patriotic citizen is, Are you helping to reform it, or are you merely cheering the idea? During the battle of Bunker Hill the roofs in Boston were crowded with painfully interested spectators. But could those interested spectators have stood with WARREN in the trenches, the redcoats would have been driven into the sea. The interested spectators of this fight can stand in the trenches. Whoever is not there, is helping the redcoats.

THE CONSTITUTION AND PERSONAL PROTECTION.

THERE is a perfectly natural feeling on the part of multitudes of American citizens that it is a wretched government—undeserving, indeed, the name of government—which will not or can not or does not protect all its citizens every where and under all circumstances. This is a feeling just now ingeniously played upon in this country, as in the Maine Republican platform, which declares that it is "the most solemn, momentous, and imperative duty of the national government, by the exercise of every constitutional power, to extend its protection to every citizen—native and naturalized, white and colored—whether menaced by tyranny abroad or by political prosecution, now shielded under the heresy of State's rights, at home." This is a misleading statement, whatever its intention may have been. It means to the general reader that the United States ought to protect a citizen against injustice in South Carolina as it protects him in Mexico. An old Republican in Iowa, who evidently wishes that this could be done, but who, as evidently, has some doubts, writes:

> "The important question is this, Does the Constitution place personal protection among the exclusive rights of the States?"

And he adds:

> "BAGEHOT has learnedly compared the American with the British Constitution. It is said that the comparison has satisfied *Englishmen* of the superiority of their own supreme law. So far as this affair of protection is involved, we must concede the point, provided our Constitution has been truly interpreted. If Britain actually protects every citizen of her realm without infringing on or destroying the glorious Anglican privilege of local self-government, we should follow her example with cheerfulness and alacrity, before we are compelled to do so by dangerous dissensions."

There is no point better settled than that the United States have no power of immediate personal protection of citizens in the different States other than that provided in the Constitution. The Constitution was the result of a compromise among States jealous of their authority, and it certainly does not give the general power to the national government which the British government unquestionably enjoys. The specious implication of the Maine resolution is that the United States have the same lawful power of personal protection in Maine that Great Britain has in Lancashire. But the difference lies in the essential difference of the two political systems. The British government is for England an absolutely consolidated authority. In its immediate relation to the supreme government, England is virtually what New York would be if, with all its present powers and authority, the State had national prerogatives. The limitations and distinctions of the national and local authority have been recently plainly and admirably defined by the Chief Justice of the United States, who has no more disposition unduly to magnify State power than his great predecessor, JOHN MARSHALL. In his charge in the Edenton conspiracy cases the Chief Justice, speaking of the shocking crimes alleged against the prisoners, said:

> "However much you may deprecate the acts which have been described by the witnesses, the punishment of those guilty of them has been committed by the law to other courts than this. The power for that purpose exists in the government of the State, and under our political system the courts of that government can alone be resorted to for the trial and conviction of such offenders."

This is unquestionably by long and common consent the intent of the Constitution. The "constitutional powers" of the national government, therefore, do not extend to that kind of constant and immediate personal protection which the Maine resolution implies, and so far as the resolution tends to foster a mistaken although natural and honorable view, the declaration is mischievous. To our Iowa correspondent we should say that were the Constitution of the United States now to be formed, with the lights of nearly a century's experience, it is very possible that in certain essential details it would be very different. VON HOLST thinks the dual power of the Union and the State foolish and dangerous. But he does not deny that it exists, and those who are of opinion that the Constitution ought to give the national authority the scope they desire, should agitate for an amendment to that effect, but they should not indirectly allege or insinuate, as the Maine platform does, that the power already exists.

SECRETARY SHERMAN AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE speech of Secretary SHERMAN at Mansfield was an able defense of the Administration, and with many of the excellent things he said all good citizens will concur. But his remarks upon the reform of the civil service can hardly be satisfactory to those who are convinced that change is not reform. Mr. SHERMAN'S general view of the subject—and it is that of many other intelligent persons—is apparently this: removals in the existing service should be made for cause only, and the vacancies should be filled, other things being equal, with active adherents of the dominant party, who should then be forbidden to take an active part in the management of politics. This is apparently an improvement upon the existing situation. But the advantage is only apparent. The key of essential reform is the method of appointment. If that is to be left to the mere discretion of the appointing power, with the understanding that active partisans of the Administration are to be preferred, we shall be very much where we are now. "Removal for cause," under such circumstances, is a very slight barrier, for the reason that "cause" is undefined, and is an arbitrary term, which can be very easily made to cover any removal that for any reason may seem desirable. Under the existing law, official commissions expire every four years, and those who hold them—collectors, postmasters, etc.—practically appoint their subordinates. Mr. SHERMAN proposes that the commissions shall be given to active partisans, but that they shall then cease to be active. The sub-appointments will, of course, be made upon the same principle, and with a change of Administration there would be, as now, "a clean sweep" of the office-holders.

There is no essential gain in this, because there is nothing that can outlast an Administration. Moreover, if the places are to be the rewards of party activity, it is an absurd inconsistency to forbid activity to those who are proved to be the most efficient workers at a time when the necessity of party supremacy is presumably as great as ever, and when they are put in positions where their activity can be most useful. As a matter of fact that activity could not actually, as it could not logically, be prevented. Again, what is the reason of the prohibition of office-holding activity in managing politics? It is that the chief officers may not use their patronage illicitly. But if they are instructed, other things being equal, to appoint friends of the Administration, they will certainly use their power to aid the Administration; and if A's vote in a convention can be secured by appointing his man B to be night inspector, "cause" enough will be found to remove C in order to make a vacancy, although the Collector will not attend the convention nor be an officer in any ward association.

The President has done well in forbidding the political activity mentioned in his order. He will do well in enforcing the order rigorously. But that alone will no more be a reform of the civil service than JOHN RANDOLPH'S emancipation of his slaves was the abolition of slavery. To prevent removal except for "cause," and to prevent illicit political activity, and to put the public service upon a business basis, there must be some system, some principle, something more permanent than a well-meaning discretion. The limitation of commissions must be repealed; there must be appointment to the lowest grade upon proved fitness among all applicants, and a sound system of probation and promotion. In such measures the interest of men of all parties would be engaged, and there would be the beginning of a system that would survive an Administration. The existing abuses are the inevitable result of regarding the offices as political prizes, and those abuses will continue so long as that is the controlling theory. A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* sketches the outlines of an elaborate scheme which he asserts is favored by the President, and which has many excellent points. Meanwhile Mr. DORMAN B. EATON is in England, and at the request of the President will make a careful investigation of the English methods, upon which he will report, that the inquiry in this country may be conducted with full and accurate knowledge. The subject is not one that is likely to be abandoned by the President or by those who are seriously interested in it, and there is no subject that gains more in popular favor by ample discussion.

GOOD WORDS FROM OHIO.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S views of the financial situation, as expressed in his Mansfield speech, have received very general commendation for their general soundness, and they were certainly most timely. His conviction of the necessity and practicability of early resumption is shared by many intelligent men in Ohio, who, with the Secretary, will do much to raise and sustain the tone of the canvass in that State. A recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, criticising some of the extraordinary financial propositions of Senator MATTHEWS, contains so much truth, clearly and cogently expressed, that we gladly quote from it. The writer does not wholly agree with the Secretary, who had not delivered his speech when the letter was written. But there is entire agreement on the main point, that resumption is indispensable. "Silver remonetized" has a suspicious significance in Ohio, but we do not understand "W. M. D.," the writer of the letter, to advocate the absolute remonetization:

> "Confessedly, questions of finance are complex and abstruse, yet there are some things which, coming continually under their observation, the merchants and manufacturers ought to understand. What is the matter of trade now? Stagnation. What mainly causes this? Uncertainty. How? When a project of importance comes before the merchant or manufacturer, the harrowing inquiry confronts him, What will be our currency? Shall we go forward to resumption, stand still, or go back to inflation? Which? The more he ponders, the more he doubts. In the Babel clamor of schemes there is confusion worse confounded. The project is dropped. Thus a slow dry-rot is consuming our business life.
>
> "Let us lift the business of the country out of this slough of suspense. There is but one way—we must remove the uncertainty which produces it; we must retire the greenbacks and resume specie payments. All admit this must be done sooner or later. Why not now? The *Gazette* says that in 1837 the collapse of the paper and return to gold bankrupted the country; that resumption now will produce a like result; that we must wait for better times, and then resume. All this is fallacious. There is no analogy between our position now and in the panic of 1837. Then, in a single day, a vast paper inflation collapsed, bringing inflation prices instantaneously down to gold, without any expectation of such an event, and, of course, without any preparation therefor. The fall of prices was ruinous to the debtor class, and, through it, brought ruin upon all. Far different is the present situation. Through these long, weary years we have been approaching a gold basis, are almost there, have already discounted its effects. Prices and wages are now not higher than in the gold days of 1860. Were all our paper destroyed to-day, it would not sensibly affect prices. There would be temporary inconvenience. Soon this would pass away. The gold of the world would flow to us. Confidence would be re-established. The capitalist would know we were at the bottom, all uncertainty would be removed. He would put his capital in banking. Soon there would be a plethora of gold and silver and convertible paper—not interconvertible moonshines. Prosperity would revive. So far from 1879 being too soon to resume, it is too late. It is a dreadful thought that we are to have another weary year of stagnation. We ought to have resumed this summer. Perhaps it is not wise to resume now, at the opening of the business season, but we should resume next year. One hundred millions of greenbacks could be sunk in silver remonetized, and two hundred millions funded in bonds. Let Congress authorize this. The *Gazette* says, Wait for better times, and then resume. But what are better times? High prices and rising, high wages and rising? Contraction then is to bring them down, and to bring the disasters of 1837. The opportune moment for resumption is in the hour of extremest depression—now is the accepted time.
>
> "It is a melancholy reflection that we have endured the pain of resumption, and the boon is about to escape us.
>
> "Courage, JOHN SHERMAN, courage! force resumption, and your name will fill a higher niche than that of HAMILTON."

There is no doubt that this is a fair statement of the situation. There can be no real industrial revival until confidence is restored, and confidence can not be restored while inflation and practical repudiation are possible, as they are felt to be while advocated by one party and evidently apprehended by the other. The only positive step taken toward resumption by Congress is the law of 1875 fixing the day; and as the New York Republican Convention of last year truly declared in its platform, the repeal of the date clause by the Democratic House without provision of interest was so far virtual repudiation and a violation of the constitutional guarantee of the validity of the public debt, because the legal tender notes made payable in coin on the 1st of January, 1879, are valid and legal obligations of the United States. To repeal the law, or, what is the same thing, to postpone its operation, is to make the situation absolutely hopeless. Intelligent men who depend upon daily wages must see that the general trouble in the country is due mainly to two causes—a false and deceptive paper currency, and unwise and restrictive revenue laws. These, breeding reckless extravagance and putting business upon an unreal basis, occasioned what is called "overproduction." To the same causes are finally attributable the desperate results of railroad rivalry, in which is involved the question of railroad wages. Perhaps one-quarter of the whole transportation business of the country does not pay expenses.

The first and common interest of all sound industry and enterprise of every kind, therefore, is "to touch bottom." Once back to specie payments, there will be the beginning of restored confidence, and with that will come the disposition to deal wisely and not recklessly with the whole tariff policy. It is now evident that the restrictive system has not enabled us to escape universal industrial prostration, and when that is clearly seen and understood there will be danger of a sweeping reaction which may be fatal to many of the best established industries in the country. It is not too soon to consider the changes that are desirable in the tariff laws, and the most reasonable and significant demand in the Iowa Republican platform was that of "a wisely adjusted tariff for revenue." In the same spirit of judicious hostility to class and special legislation was the declaration of both the Iowa and Ohio Conventions against public subsidies to private enterprises. The statesmanship that will heed these declarations as indicating a sound policy, and address itself to the details of executing it, is that which the country now needs. On the other hand, the statesmanship which anticipates a demand of compensation for slaves, or which zealously defends the spoils system of the civil service as indispensable to the national welfare, is one which the country, earnestly seeking industrial relief, will heartily despise.

JEFFERSON UPON DISPUTED ELECTIONS.

No question ought to take precedence in Congress of that of determining a Presidential election. We see with sincere regret that Senator Morton, who has made an especial study of the subject, and who comprehends its vital importance, is seriously ill, and may be unable to take an active part in the discussions of the next session. The troubles that may arise from financial and industrial questions are tolerably clear, but the incalculable peril of a recurrence of the political situation of last winter warns the country that a lawful settlement of every question in connection with a Presidential election must be promptly provided. Attention has been freshly drawn to the subject by the publication in the *World* of a fac-simile of a memorandum of Jefferson's, which was discovered only last April. It is without date, but it was probably written in 1800, during the debate upon Ross's bill for settling disputed Presidential elections. The memorandum is brief, and begins by enumerating many of the questions that may arise, and proceeds to say that it is to be reasonably inferred from the directions of the Constitution that the votes are to be counted by the members of the two Houses, who are assembled for no other purpose, and this is the more reasonable because the constitutional weight of each State in the Presidential election is exactly preserved in the tribunal which is to judge of its validity, as the number of Senators and Representatives from each State is exactly that of the electors of the same State. It then provides that the certificate of the Executive shall be conclusive upon all of the questions mentioned that Congress may include in the law, and that what the two Houses shall not decide shall be expressly stated. If the vote of one or more of the electors of any State shall be judged invalid, the Senators and Representatives of such State shall within an hour decide by their votes to which candidate the invalid vote shall be given.

Experience has shown that these provisions would not be adequate for all the emergencies, but the memorandum offers good suggestions. It does not, for instance, provide for deciding a contest between two or more Executive claimants in a State, which is a fundamental point. The great apostle of State sovereignty, however, acknowledges the authority of Congress to set aside the electoral vote of a State, and would intrust to its Senators and Representatives a power in the selection of the chief Executive which is not in terms granted by the Constitution, and a power too vital to be reasonably inferred, at least by so strict a constructionist. Indeed, the memorandum is another evidence of the free and easy manner in which Jefferson treated the Constitution. When his own election was pending in the House of Representatives he announced the plainest secession doctrines, as in the Kentucky resolutions, and the great act of his administration, the acquisition of Louisiana, he frankly acknowledged was without constitutional warrant. What Van Buren says of Hamilton is certainly true of his great rival, that he sought to twist the Constitution to his own purposes.

In the light of the discussions of 1800 and of the last winter it should not be difficult to devise a simple and sufficient remedy for the obvious defects of the present method of Presidential election. The State basis will properly and unquestionably be maintained. That being conceded, the various questions arising from the election should be settled within the State, and the Executive certificate should be conclusive with Congress, which should provide a settlement, within a fixed time, for a contest. It is not a party question, and the peril of the present want of proper provision is so fresh in its impression, and patriotic feeling is for a time so supreme, that a more promising opportunity for satisfactory action may not recur for a century.

PUNISHMENT AND PRISONS.

The startling report of the abuses in the Maryland almshouses glances at some of the jails in that State. But those of every State demand much more than a glance; and we are very glad that just at this time Herbert Spencer's essay upon "Prison Ethics" has been separately issued by D. Appleton & Co., under the auspices of a number of gentlemen who are interested in the vital subject of prison reform. The work that John Howard began, and the crying necessity of which his devoted labors revealed, was really continued, in another way, by Sir Samuel Romilly, and now engages the most earnest attention of sagacious and practical men and women in all civilized countries. Miss Mary Carpenter, who died recently in England, and who was not unknown in America, was one of the most intelligent and efficient friends of a movement which is in every aspect one of the highest humanity, and therefore of the public welfare. The brief and excellent preface which accompanies the present edition of this essay states its necessity and its purport very plainly. The function of government, in Mr. Spencer's view, and in that of the wisest modern thinkers, is the enforcement of justice and the punishment of crime. It is, in other words, a mutual guarantee of individual liberty. The measure of the efficiency of civil institutions is the success with which they accomplish this result. The treatment of offenders against this equal liberty—that is, of criminals of every degree—is evidently one of the most vital offices of government. Yet there is no subject of the kind upon which there is greater ignorance or cruder speculation.

It is in its nature a disagreeable subject. It is but a century this very year since Howard made his tour of the English jails. The condition of such places in London, and their necessary effect upon morals, may be seen in Fielding's novels and in other tales of the time. They were dens of filth and disease, nurseries of crime and despair, and utterly beneath the interest or care of decent and intelligent society. Public opinion held that offenders were to be imprisoned and hanged, and the more that were hanged, the more vermin were cleared out of the world. Protection to society, in its safety, its morals, and its purse, as involved in justice to the criminal, was a thought that was practically unknown. There has been a great change, and the question of prison reform, in the entire scope of its relation to society, has become one of the commanding interests of modern benevolence and intelligence. Yet still, as the preface to the essay says, we have no such thing as a rational and definite ethical code to be followed in the treatment of convicts.

Prison discipline is usually regarded from the point of severity or of sentimentality. General feeling is largely divided between those who think that the severer the punishment the better, and those who grieve that any body should be punished for any thing. In this conflict of feeling, a fixed and judicious system is very difficult, and the preface, signed by many intelligent and conspicuous citizens in various parts of the State—ex-Governor Seymour, S. B. Ruggles, Charles O'Conor, Reuben Cook, Senator Sprague, Professor Youmans, Vice-President Russel of Cornell, and others—asserts that while in New York, for instance, the three State-prisons are greatly improved since they were placed under the charge of the Superintendent of Prisons, and will doubtless be still further improved, yet "almost all the penitentiaries and common jails are still centres of evil influences and schools of vice." Here is a work for every man and woman in every neighborhood. Each one of them has precisely the same call to put himself forward in it that John Howard had, that is, the knowledge of the fact. And the work is of two kinds: first, the immediate physical and personal relief in the jail—a result that always follows the evidence of the earnest interest of intelligent citizens in the condition of the prisons; and second, an active influence for the adoption of a wise prison system by the State. It is to this end that Mr. Spencer's essay is addressed, and it will be found by every person who really wishes to do something, and to do it properly, a singularly interesting and satisfactory discussion of the subject. His own interest is shown by the fact that when some distinguished friends wished to secure for Mr. Spencer a position in the government service, that of Inspector of Prisons was the only one that he would consent to take.

COMPARATIVE BARBARISM.

"A Canadian" writes to complain of our late strictures upon the Orange excitement in Montreal, and asks if the event of the murder there showed "barbarism," what do the recent wild riots in this country show? Our correspondent will observe, however, that the point of our criticism was that, with serious trouble openly threatened for some days previously, no adequate arrangements were apparently made to meet it. We should certainly have spoken quite as severely of the authorities in New York if, after the warning they had received, they had not provided against the possible consequences of the Communist meeting. But they did provide, and no mischief followed. So in regard to the deputations that were to visit Montreal after the murder, we made no suggestion that the coming and the consultation should be prevented, but only that there should be complete preparation against the "disorder" that would probably ensue. The public opinion of the civilized world will undoubtedly hold the Canadian authorities culpable if, with the experience of this year, they are not better prepared next year at the Orange anniversary, as it will justly condemn the people of the United States if, after this summer, they do not insist upon a more efficient militia organization, and a thorough exposure of the facts in regard to the relations of the great railroad corporations with their employés.

As to "barbarism," we frankly own that the scenes at Pittsburgh and Chicago were worthy only of the savages who in earlier years roasted and otherwise tortured the Roman priests in Canada. Riot and anarchy are mere barbarism; and if it will console our correspondent in his grief over what he thinks our carelessness and injustice, we concede that the history of a late week in the United States showed as much true barbarism as that of the last hundred years in Canada. It was a terrible disgrace and discredit to the United States. But the force of the instinct of order, of which we have heretofore spoken, was most honorable and encouraging.

PERSONAL.

The late Mortimer Collins, whose biography has been so pleasantly and affectionately written by his widow, was a man of such physical and mental energy that he could walk thirty miles a day for a week together, and he confesses to have eaten seven mutton chops at a sitting. He deserved his wife's epithet, who called him "a splendid big fellow." He was always at work, and the last eight years of his life, which were the years of his marriage, were spent without a holiday. Yet he never lost his boyish lightheartedness. He possessed, to quote his own line,

> "The easy strength that makes a joke of toil."

"He had," says Mrs. Collins, "an almost marvelous power of enjoyment, and he was not only happy himself, but he made every one about him happy. He put poetry into the most commonplace affairs. He seemed to make life so easy, and yet he took such infinite trouble with every little thing—I can hardly say he took *trouble*, because he never seemed to make any thing a trouble; but he thought nothing beneath consideration, and he would be as much interested in the affairs of some poor neighbor who came to him for advice as he would be over the affairs of the nation, the latter being, in a manner, his business."

—A pleasant sketch of the early life of Mr. R. H. Stoddard appears in the September number of *Wide Awake*, a sprightly magazine for young folks. The sketch is embellished with portraits of the poet, his wife and son, and with a picture of his library. The many admirers of Stoddard's fine genius will be interested to read the story of his early days, and of the hardships and suffering the boy endured in the struggle for existence. The bravery with which he surmounted circumstances the most adverse to a literary career, the constancy with which he clung to his ideals, have long since had their reward in the high position he holds in the ranks of American poets.

—Governor Vance, of North Carolina, who is known throughout the South for the keenness and readiness of his wit, delivered a lecture recently at Ashville, North Carolina, on "The Scattered Races." He remarked that there were but few Hebrews in New England outside of Boston; that the ordinary Yankee was too sharp for even these lynx-eyed dealers in ready-made clothing. "Why," said he, "Brother Jonathan with a jackknife will in half an hour whittle a poor Jew out of all his hopes in Abraham. It is a hard place where this enterprising people can not live; but there are few in New England, and [lowering his voice] none in Ashville."

—Mr. William Longman, who died in London a few days since, was the senior member of the famous publishing firm which, in point of age, outranked all others in Europe. The founder of the house was Thomas Longman, who entered into partnership with John Osborne in 1725—one hundred and fifty-two years ago—in Paternoster Row, the same site on which the successors of the firm have conducted the business up to the present day. At the present time the style of the firm is Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer. They have published the works of the most notable authors of the last century—Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Sydney Smith, Disraeli, etc., etc. Mr. William Longman, just deceased, besides being a most sagacious publisher, was the author of several valuable historical works, and edited very many of the books published by the firm.

—Richard Dale Owen, a son of the famous communist, and State Geologist of Indiana, is a learned, amiable, benevolent, and courtly old gentleman. One of his brothers, David Dale Owen, was for six years United States Geologist, and in that capacity surveyed and apportioned a vast extent of mineral lands. It was his custom to give free scientific lectures to the inhabitants of New Harmony, and shortly before his death he built, at a cost of $10,000, a fine laboratory, now on the property occupied by one of his nephews. When the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, afterward Czar, visited Robert in Scotland, he proposed taking the young David to his court, and pledged a fine future for him, but his father could not be persuaded to give up his son.

—Colonel F. W. M. Holliday, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, graduated at Yale, in 1847, in company with B. Gratz Brown, ex-Judge George G. Barnard, John C. Burch, editor of the Nashville *Union and American*, Judge Charles F. Sanford, of the Superior Court of New York State, Judge Edward L. Sanford, of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and 118 others.

—Mehemet Ali, the new commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, though a Mussulman, is a Prussian by birth, and his name is Detroy. His personal appearance is quite prepossessing. He is about fifty years of age, wears a stubby reddish-gray beard and mustache, has a pleasant smile, though his face indicates hard mental work. He went to Turkey at the age of fifteen, and was taken under the patronage of Ali Pasha, the famous Grand Vizier, who saw to his education and promotion in the army. He distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Crimea and Montenegro. His recent promotion took him completely by surprise.

—Judge William F. Allen, of the Court of Appeals, though mentally and bodily in perfect condition, will next year retire from the bench, under the constitutional provision which precludes any one in this State from holding judicial position after seventy years of age.

—Charles A. Minnie, a colored boy aged nineteen, residing in the First Ward of this city, and a pupil in Grammar School No. 29, has just won in open competition the cadetship at West Point in the gift of Congressman Müller. There were eleven competitors for the prize, which is his, he having received 585 points out of a possible 600, or ninety-eight per cent. of the whole. He was over 100 points ahead of any of his competitors. He has been a good boy from his youth up. His father died when he was an infant. Two years ago, having a strong desire to obtain an education, he entered a colored school in Forty-first Street, and finished a two years' course in twelve months. He then entered Grammar School No. 29, and after a year's hard work went out with high honors. When the schools closed for the summer, he obtained employment as a waiter in a hotel at Newport, Rhode Island; but when he heard of the open competition for a cadetship, he came home and won. He enjoys the respect and regard of all his teachers and of every boy in school.

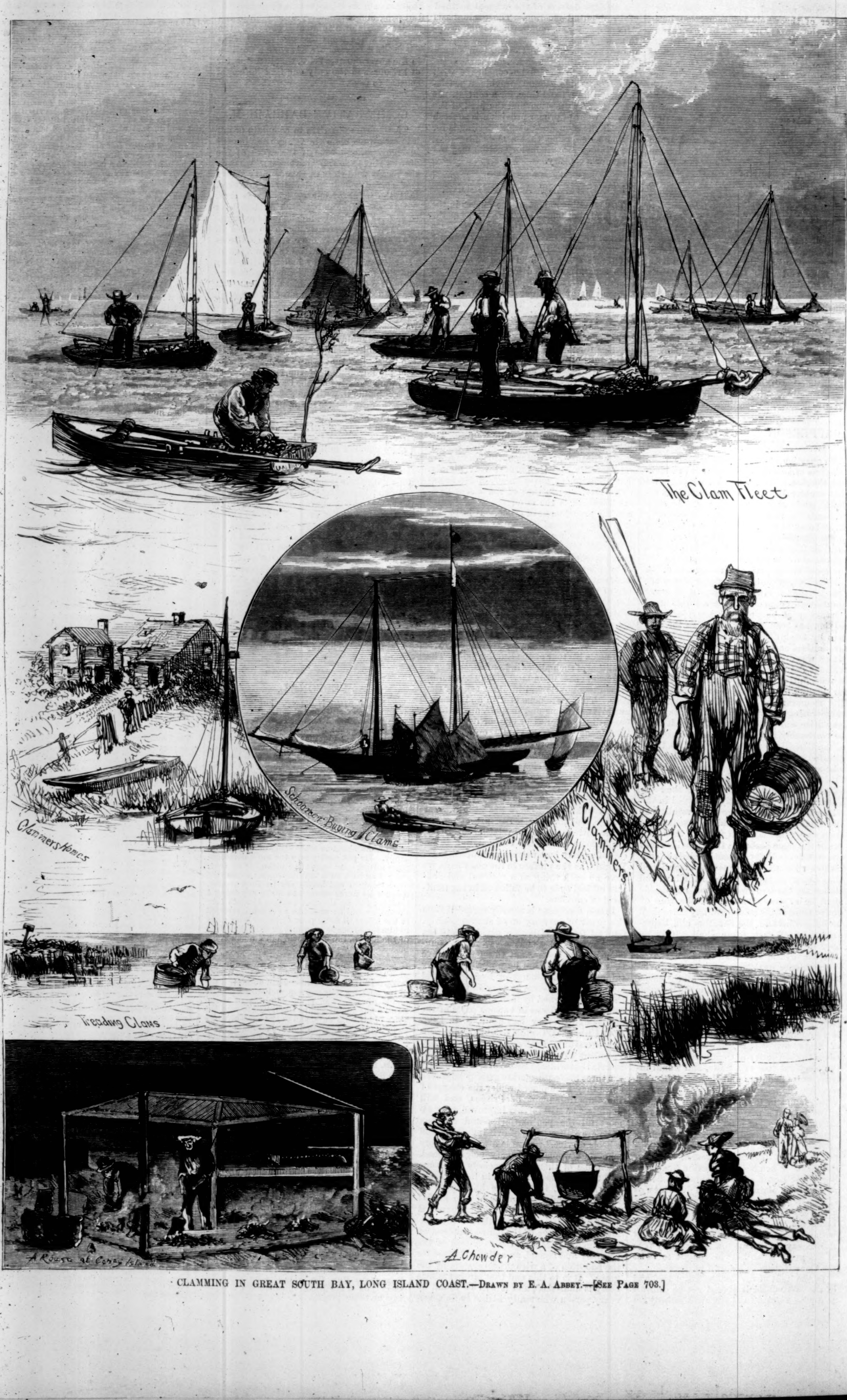
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg, August 22, the Hon. A. S. Stenger presiding. A platform was adopted, and the following nominations were made: Supreme Judge, John Trunkey; Auditor-General, William P. Schell.

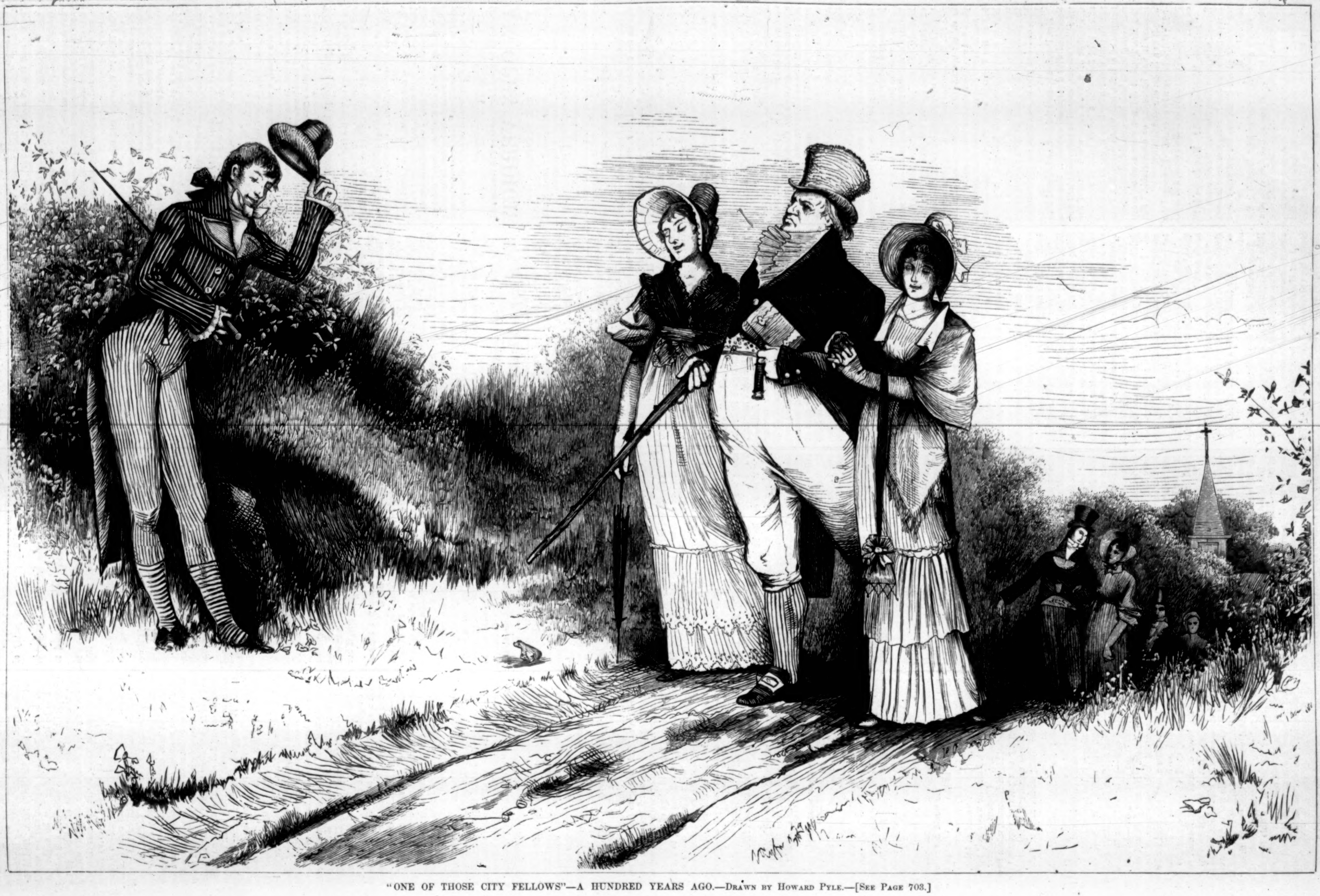
General Howard's command overtook Joseph's band on the 19th, and at daylight of the next morning the Indians stampeded 130 horses from the advance camp. They were pursued by the soldiers, and, in the engagement which followed, a bugler was killed and an officer and six men were wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The most important event of the week was the unsuccessful attempt of the Turks to capture the Shipka Pass. The scene of the battle is at the southern entrance to the pass. The village of Shipka, which the Russians abandoned, is disconnected with the conflict, being two miles from the Russian defenses. After evacuating that town, the Russians fell back behind their redoubts. It should be understood that after the actions at Jeni Saghra and Eski Saghra, General Ghourko retired, unmolested, by the Hainkoi Pass, while the Grand Duke Nicholas and Prince Eugene, after extricating their force from the Eski Saghra defile in the Lower Balkans, retreated by the Shipka Pass, which has remained guarded by Russian infantry and guns established there ever since the pass was taken. The attack was made by Suleiman Pasha, who has not, as was reported, joined his forces with those of Mehemet Ali.—A Russian official telegram, dated August 23, says: "Our troops in the Shipka Pass have behaved heroically. The Turks only kept up a desultory fire. Three guns of a Turkish battery were dismounted by our fire, and fell over the cliffs. The Turkish forces do not diminish. Our re-enforcements arrived last night, some having marched twenty-five miles and others thirty-five miles in one day. Our losses are comparatively light, but unfortunately we have many officers *hors de combat*. The Turkish losses are enormous. Generals Dowschinsky and Stoljetoff command the Russians in the pass."—Another Russian telegram, dated August 22, says that the Turks attacked the Russian positions from three sides simultaneously. Besides the assault on Shipka, the Turks attacked Selvi, and also attempted to break in upon the Russian outposts on the side of Rustchuk, Rasgrad, Shumla, and Eski Djuma. Mehemet Ali, who commands in that section of the country, telegraphed to Constantinople, August 22, claiming that his forces repulsed six Russian battalions, recaptured the heights of Seghardi, and also repulsed the Russians before Rasgrad, and achieved other minor successes.—A recent dispatch from Constantinople declares that the Russians were defeated and driven back with great loss in an important battle near Eski Djuma, twenty miles west of Shumla, and equally distant from Rasgrad.—Telegrams from Athens announce that an insurrection has broken out in Crete. The Turks have taken refuge in the fortresses, and the Christians have retired to the mountains. Two engagements have been fought, one in the department of Canea, and the other in Retimo. These, although unimportant in themselves, only thirty-six Turks and seventeen Christians being killed, mark the beginning of a movement which is spreading into Sphakia. Greek journals published in Constantinople state that Thessaly is in a state of brigandage, and express the hope that Greece will not assist the movement which has unquestionably commenced there.


The Clam Fleet
Schooner Buying Clams
Clammers Homes
Clammers
Treading Clams
A Roast at Coney Island
A Chowder

CLAMMING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY, LONG ISLAND COAST.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 703.]



"ONE OF THOSE CITY FELLOWS"—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 703.]

THE LOST HEIR.

"Mr. Penguin, an egg!" "Good gracious! my dear,
Where is it?" "Don't joggle. Right under me here."
"In the nest that we made?" "'*We?*' Isn't that fun?
I built it of stones, and *you* brought me just one
Extremely small pebble the day it was done."

"But the egg—are you certain?" "As sure as can be;
So get ready this moment and start for the sea;
There eat and grow fat, and your pouch fill with food
Of the kind that will strengthen and nourish our brood."

"'Our brood?' Why, you said there was only one egg."
"Don't stand wasting time, Mr. Penguin, I beg.
That egg, you'll remember, was laid, Sir, by *me*,
And the chick that *I* hatch, you may wager, will be
Worth twenty young penguins of lower degree.

"Methinks I can see him becomingly dressed
In a little dark coat and a little white vest,
With cunning wee flippers, eyes wondrously keen—
The handsomest penguin that ever was seen!

"At first his short steps I most carefully guide,
Then graceful and haughty he walks at my side,
Like a prince among birds, with his head carried high,
And the sea-fowl who gather to see us go by
Are ready, my dear, of sheer envy to die!"

While she spoke, a small bird, much resembling a crow,
Peeped over a rock at the picture below,
And he danced like an imp, and he waggled his head,
And he grinned *such* a grin when he heard what she said.

And he laughed a strange laugh, without making a sound,
As he flew from the rock to the nest on the ground;
And behind Mrs. Penguin he crept like a snail,
And jerked a long feather straight out of her tail.

Then as quickly she turned, he as quickly took wing,
While she screamed, "Oh, you robber! you hard-hearted thing!
Oh, Penguin, how can you, how *dare* you, stand there
Like a fowl made of marble, and heartlessly stare?
Don't you see *what* he's got? I am mad with despair!"

But, alas! all in vain did she threaten and shriek;
Crow was off with the egg sticking fast on his beak;
And Pen remarked, calmly, "Next time 'twere as well
To say naught of your son till he's out of the shell."

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MINE OLD FAMILIAR FRIEND.

The house in which Mr. Culverhouse lodged was on the outskirts of Little Yafford, a comfortable square cottage, with a long slip of garden between the dusty high-road and the shady green porch—a garden where in summer tall white lilies, bush roses, double stocks, and clove carnations grew abundantly in long narrow borders edged with a thick fence of irreproachable box. Miss Coyney's model cottage, with its green venetians and veranda, shining window-panes, and general appearance of having come out of a toy-shop, stood on the opposite side of the way, and even the perfection of Miss Coyney's miniature garden did not put to shame the neatness of Mrs. Pomfret's larger domain. Mrs. Pomfret was pew-opener, and had occupied that post of honor ever since her marriage with Mr. Pomfret, the sexton. Mr. Pomfret was in his grave, and the excellent management whereby Mrs. Pomfret contrived to make so good a figure and wear such spotless caps upon the profits of opening pews and letting lodgings, was a wonder to the housekeepers of Little Yafford. If Mrs. Pomfret had been disposed to impart the recipe by which she had done these things, she could have told it in two words—temperance and industry.

The first of the snow-drops had not yet pierced the dark mould, but the shining leaves of bay and berberis, holly and laurel, brightened the long slip of garden. Bella opened the little gate hesitatingly, as if there were something awful in the act. She felt that she was making a desperate plunge in calling upon Cyril Culverhouse; but Mrs. Piper's sad condition was her justification.

She had seen him very seldom since that evening at the Vicarage when Mrs. Dulcimer forced him to a revealment of his feelings. It was a memory that had lost none of its bitterness with the passage of time; and yet Bella yearned to see him, and was glad of an excuse for approaching him.

Mrs. Pomfret opened the door, and saluted Miss Scratchell with a surprised courtesy. She was a thin little woman, dressed in perpetual black and the stiffest of widow's caps, which framed her small hard face with a broad band of starched muslin that would have been trying to the countenance of a Hebe, and which made Mrs. Pomfret's complexion look like unpolished mahogany. But Mrs. Pomfret did not wear a widow's cap because it was becoming or comfortable. She wore it as a badge of respectability.

Mr. Culverhouse was at home. He opened the parlor door at the sound of Bella's voice, and looked out.

"Is it you, Miss Scratchell? How do you do?" he said, with calm friendliness. "Pray come in. Is Mary Smithers worse? Have you come to fetch me to her? I am afraid she has not many days to live."

Bella's eyes were rapturously devouring the room. His room. It looked like the room of a gentleman and student. Those books, piled row above row in the shabby old book-case, were his, of course. There was his open desk upon the table. His hat and cane were on a side table. There was no disorder—nothing squalid or unsightly.

"No, I have not come from Mary Smithers," said Bella. "I want to enlist your sympathy for poor Mrs. Piper."

And then Bella explained the sad condition into which Mrs. Piper had fallen—how in the hour of sickness her soul hankered after the strong meat of the Baptist chapel where she had worshiped in her youth, and how she would assuredly seek for comfort from Mr. Mowler, unless the Church of England came to her rescue.

"I should have asked Mr. Dulcimer to see her," said Bella, "only, dear and good as he is, I do not think he is earnest enough to give hope and comfort to a person in her situation. If you would be so kind as to call upon her."

"I will go immediately."

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Bella, her eyes shining with enthusiasm.

Mr. Culverhouse reddened. That little gush of flattery reminded him uncomfortably of his conversation with Mrs. Dulcimer.

"There is no goodness in a clergyman trying to do his duty, any more than in a baker carrying round his loaves," he said, coolly.

He put on his overcoat, and took up his hat and cane, and he and Bella went out together. That cool tone of his wounded her keenly.

"Are you still with Miss Harefield?" he said, at the garden gate.

Bella gave him an icy look. The mention of that name was a second stab.

"No, I have left her some time."

Cyril saw the look, and perceived the unfriendliness in the tone. He put down both to a wrong cause. His face was full of care as he walked to the Park.

"Mine own familiar friend," he said to himself, sadly.

Bella found Mrs. Piper in better spirits on the following day.

"Oh, my dear, Mr. Culverhouse is a saint," she exclaimed, when Bella had seated herself by the invalid's sofa. "He has given me great comfort. He has not flattered me, you know, my dear. He does not deny that I have misused my advantages. I have not done all I might for my fellow-creatures. I have taken too much thought of the letter, and not followed the spirit. Oh, he is a good man."

"Is he not?" cried Bella, delighted at this praise.

"I shall ask Piper to subscribe double to all his charities. We have subscribed 'andsome, but we have done it because it was in keeping with this house to have our names stand out well in the subscription lists. I should like to give Mr. Culverhouse a sum of money, unbeknown to any body, that he might lay it out to my advantage where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I don't think I shall ever worry myself about the butcher's book any more, Bella. Sickness has opened my eyes to the vanity of such petty cares."

Bella sighed, thinking of the harassed housekeeper at home. For the rich manufacturer's wife such small cares were vanity, but for Mrs. Scratchell they were the serious things of life. With her it was not so much the question as to whether she had been cheated out of a pound or two of meat, but whether she could honestly afford meat at all for her children.

"Mr. Culverhouse said he would call again soon," said Mrs. Piper; and this gave Bella the hope of meeting him at the Park some morning.

Before the week ended that hope was realized, and with its realization came another turning point in Bella's life—a meeting of roads, as in the choice of Hercules, when a man or woman goes to the right or left, choosing the broad smooth road of inclination, or the narrow thorny path of duty, according as passion or conscience is ruler of fate.

Bella had stopped later than usual one afternoon, Horne Tooke and Brougham having been stupid and rebellious to a degree that necessitated an exemplary punishment in the shape of three Latin verbs, and Elizabeth Fry having exhibited a deeper density than usual as to the intervals of the minor scale. These difficulties had prolonged the morning's lessons until after the children's dinner, and it was nearly four o'clock when Bella, thoroughly wearied out, put on her neat little black bonnet and bade her sullen pupils good-by.

"I hope you don't bear malice, Elizabeth," she said at parting. "I am obliged to be a little severe about those scales. It's for your good, you know. It can't make any difference to me whether you know how to change the major into minor."

"And I'm sure I don't see that it can make any difference to me," protested the injured Elizabeth. "I am not going to be a governess."

"Very fortunate for you, my dear," answered Bella, lightly; "for, if you were obliged to get your living in that way, you would have to be one of the poor things who don't object to make themselves generally useful, which means that they are to make all their pupils' clothes, and work a great deal harder than house-maids."

And with this arrow shot over Elizabeth Fry's dull head, Bella pulled on her gloves and departed. In the hall she met Cyril going away. He greeted her with a grave kindliness, and they went out into the wintry twilight together.

"I am glad you have been to see Mrs. Piper again," said Bella, "your visits have done her so much good."

"I am very happy to hear that. She is a kindly, simple-hearted creature, sorely tried by prosperity, which is for some natures a harder ordeal than adversity."

They walked on for some distance in silence, Bella looking thoughtfully at her companion every now and then, speculating upon the causes of his absent manner and troubled face.

"I am afraid you have been working too hard lately, Mr. Culverhouse," she said at last. "You are looking ill and wearied."

"I have been troubled in mind," he answered. "I am seldom any worse for what you call hard work, but I have had bitter anxieties since Christmas. Have you seen Miss Harefield lately?"

"No," answered Bella; "she has plenty of friends without me."

"I do not think she has many friends—in Little Yafford."

"She has the Dulcimers, who are devoted to her."

"Mr. Dulcimer is her guardian, and executor to her father's will. I am sure he will do all that is right and kind."

"Do you mean that Mrs. Dulcimer is not kind to Beatrix?" asked Bella, her heart beating fast and fiercely.

From the moment he mentioned Beatrix Harefield's name in the same breath with his own anxieties he had in a manner admitted his love for her.

"It is not in Mrs. Dulcimer's nature to be unkind," said Cyril; "but I fear she is not so warmly attached to Miss Harefield as she was a short time ago."

"You think perhaps she has been influenced by things that have been said in Little Yafford," suggested Bella, eagerly.

"I fear so."

"I am very sorry for that. I pity Beatrix with all my heart. But, deeply as I compassionate her wretched position, I hardly wonder that people should feel differently about her since her father's death."

"Do you—her own familiar friend—suspect her of the most awful crime the mind of man can conceive?" exclaimed Cyril. "She may well stand condemned in the eyes of strangers, if her bosom-friend believes her guilty."

"Oh, Mr. Culverhouse, how can you suggest any thing so horrible?" cried Bella.

"I looked to you for her defense," he went on, without heeding this ejaculation. "The outside world might suspect her. I, even, who have seen much in her to admire—and love—but who have had no opportunity of knowing her thoroughly—I might waver in my judgment, might be weakly influenced by the evil thoughts of others; but you, who have lived with her like a sister, you must know the depth of her heart; surely you can rise up boldly and say she could not do this hideous thing. It is not in her nature to become—no, I will not utter the loathsome word," he cried, passionately.

Bella answered nothing. Cyril looked at her searchingly in the gray evening light. Her eyelids were lowered, her face was grave and troubled.

"What!" he exclaimed, "not a word—not one word in defense of your friend?"

"What can I say?" faltered Bella, with an embarrassed air. "Do you want me to tell you what I saw in that gloomy house? No, I had rather not say a word. Think me unkind, ungenerous, if you like. I shall be silent about all things concerning Miss Harefield and her father."

Cyril looked at her for a moment with a countenance of blank despair. She saw the look, and it intensified her hatred of Beatrix.

"How he must have loved her!" she thought. "But will he go on loving her in the face of a suspicion that is daily growing stronger?"

Outside the Park gates Cyril left her.

"I am going the other way," he said, abruptly; and then he raised his hat, and walked quickly along the high-road that led away from Little Yafford.

"Where can he be going?" speculated Bella. "I believe he only went that way to avoid me."

It was not a promising commencement, but it seemed to Bella's scheming little mind that Cyril's affection, once weaned from Beatrix, would naturally turn to her. There was no one else in Little Yafford with any great pretensions to beauty, and a great many people had praised Bella's delicate prettiness. So long as he was devoted to Beatrix, Mr. Culverhouse would, no doubt, remain stone-blind to the charms of Bella; but Beatrix once banished from his heart, there would be plenty of room there for a small person with smiling blue eyes and winning manners.

This was the hope that lured Bella onward upon the ugly road she had chosen for herself; and if hope beckoned her forward, jealousy as surely thrust her on with a fiercer impetus, and impelled her to do harm to her rival, even though that wrong might result in no gain for herself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CYRIL RENOUNCES LOVE AND FORTUNE.

Cyril Culverhouse was a miserable man. The woman he loved, the only woman he had ever loved, was free to become his wife, dowered with estates worth ten thousand a year, and yet he held himself aloof from her, and shrank from any act which should ratify in the present the tie that had bound them in the past. He who should have been the first to console the fatherless girl in the hour of bereavement and desolation, to support and counsel her under the difficulties of sudden independence, he whose heart yearned toward her in her loneliness, stood apart and allowed her to believe him cold and heartless. The struggle had been a hard one, but after many troubled days and wakeful nights he had made up his mind that it must be so. Beatrix and he could never go hand in hand along the path of life.

The cloud that hung over her young life might be a shadow which the light of truth would by-and-by dispel; but until the truth should appear, broad and clear as sunlight, he could not take Beatrix Harefield to his heart, he could not bind his life with hers.

Did he believe her guilty of that last and worst of crimes—the murder of a father? Hardly. But he was not fully assured of her innocence. His mind had been wracked with doubt ever since that day of the inquest, when he had stood in the doorway and watched her pale, stricken face and listened to her faltering words. There is nothing that the human mind more unwillingly believes than a strange coincidence, and that coincidence of Miss Harefield's purchase of the laudanum within a week of her father's death by laudanum, had been too much for Cyril's faith. Had his beloved been a penniless orphan, and no worldly gain to be had from loving her, he might have reconciled his doubt with his honor, and married her, trusting to time for the elucidation of the mystery that now stained her young life with the taint of possible guilt. But in this case there was too much for him to win, and in every feeling that drew him to Beatrix he recognized a snare of Satan. Little by little he had come to know that public opinion in Little Yafford, and even in the neighboring town of Great Yafford, had condemned Beatrix Harefield. Every detail of her conduct had been canvassed. Her late appearance on the morning of her father's death was taken as an evidence of guilt. She had feared to face the catastrophe her crime had brought about, and had feigned sleep to stave off the appalling moment, or she had stimulated that heavy slumber in order to support her story about the laudanum. Her suggestion that her father should be sought for in a certain room, and the fact that he was found in that very room. Her lame story—obviously an after-thought—of the laudanum bottle in her mother's room. The fact that an empty bottle had been found there proved nothing. Beatrix had no doubt placed it where it was found. There had been ample time for her to do so between the first and second meeting of the coroner's jury. Then as to motive? Well, one need not look very far for that, argued Little Yafford. Mr. Harefield had been a tyrant, and had made his daughter's life miserable. She saw in his death a release from a stern jailer, with the assurance of wealth and independence. Every body knew—thanks to dear, frank Mrs. Dulcimer—how cruelly the wretched girl had been treated, even forbidden to visit the Vicarage where she had always been so happy. And then there was that secret love affair which had been spoken about at the inquest. That would give a still stronger motive than her own wrongs. The more literary of Little Yafford, gentlemen who had dipped into old magazines and Annual Registers, quoted the case of Miss Blandy, an unfortunate young woman in the last century, who had given Henley on Thames, the place of her birth and residence, a classic fame by poisoning her father with rat's-bane mixed in his water-gruel.

Again, as to character. Every body who was familiar with Miss Harefield—by meeting her occasionally in her drives and rides, or seeing her once a week at church—was aware that she was a girl of reserved and even melancholy temperament, from whom any thing strange in conduct or morals might be expected. Then, again, she was of foreign extraction on the mother's side, and as such prone to crime. She was Italian, and with a natural leaning to poison and parricide. And again those stock figures of the Borgia and Cenci were brought forward and contemplated shudderingly in the lurid glare of their guilt.

Some weak-minded persons clung to the idea that Mr. Harefield had taken an overdose of opium unwittingly, but this tame and uninteresting theory was scouted by the majority.

"If Miss Harefield had not been an heiress, we should have heard a good deal more about her father's death," said Miss Coyney, draining her pretty Wedgwood tea-pot at one of her temperate symposia.

Miss Coyney was quite angry with the coroner for not having looked deeper into things. She spoke of him contemptuously as a hireling and a time-server.

Cyril Culverhouse knew what people thought about the woman he loved—for he loved her none the less because he held himself aloof from her. His love was deathless. Innocent or guilty, he must love her to the end. He knew what people thought of his beloved; knew that even kindly Mrs. Dulcimer shook her head, and shrank from familiar contact with her husband's ward. There was no one in Little Yafford except the Vicar who would take the slandered girl by the hand and boldly demonstrate his belief in her innocence. He, so easy-going on most occasions, was firm as rock here. He would have Beatrix at his house as often as she chose to come there—although the all-powerful Rebecca would hardly look civilly at her as she waited at table, and although poor Mrs. Dulcimer was sorely perplexed by her presence. Clement Dulcimer was stanch, and defied his parishioners, whom he stigmatized generally as a pack of venomous scandal-mongers, whose uncultured minds, unable to appreciate the strong sound meat of literature, battened upon carrion.

If Cyril could have had Mr. Dulcimer's faith, he would have had Mr. Dulcimer's courage. He was no slave of other men's opinions, and would have snapped his fingers in the face of Little Yafford if all had been well within. But there was the difficulty. That stricken face of Beatrix's, those wild, startled eyes—as he had seen them in the candle-lit room at the Water House—haunted him like an evil dream. He saw guilt and remorse in those troubled looks—the fear of God and man. Had he been a man who lived for himself alone, who had no higher aim in life than his own happiness, Cyril Culverhouse might have stifled the voice of doubt, and listened only to love's pleading. But it was not so with him. He had chosen a loftier kind of life, he had given himself a loftier aim. He was to live for others, and to make the lives of others better than their own unaided weakness would make them. He who was to be the teacher and counselor of others must be, so far as it is possible for humanity, spotless in his life and in his surroundings. Could he marry a wife of whom it could be said in one breath, "She was suspected of poisoning her father," and in the next, "Yes, but she brought her husband ten thousand a year."

No. It was clear to him that this fatal cloud of suspicion must make a life-long severance between Beatrix and him. Love might have bridged the gulf, but honor and duty held him back. He had not seen Beatrix since her father's death, and he had made up his mind to leave little Yafford without seeing her. His business was to announce his resolve in a manner that would give her the least pain possible; but he knew the blow would be hard to bear. He knew that she loved him with an intense and all-absorbing love.

"Oh, God, if she has sinned so deeply for the love of me," he thought, in a moment of horror, finding himself suddenly on the edge of a blank abyss of doubt, down which he dared not look, "if to bring about our union she has done this hideous thing! But no, I will not believe her guilty. I will pity and deplore her position, the victim of groundless suspicion. If I dare not sacrifice my duty to my love, I will at least believe her innocent."

He remembered that little speech of hers during their chance meeting on the moor, a speech that had shocked and revolted him at the time, and had been a painful recollection to him afterward.

"Is it wicked to wish for my father's death?"

Did not that question imply that she had already committed the sin? Was it possible that the wicked wish nursed and cherished had culminated in the fatal irrevocable act? The doubt tortured him.

He had wavered for some weeks, not quite clear in his own mind what step he ought to take, hoping that some new piece of evidence, some detail in the story of Christian Harefield's death, might place the whole business in a new light, and demonstrate Beatrix's innocence. But Mr. Harefield had been dead a month, the first snow-drops were lifting their pale heads out of the dark borders, the robins were singing sweetly in the lengthening afternoons, and nothing had been discovered to improve Miss Harefield's position in the eyes of Little Yafford. Nay, rather, slander had grown and intensified with discussion, and people who had timorously hinted their doubts three weeks ago, now boldly declared their conviction of the young lady's guilt.

"How she can live in that big lonely house, with no one but her governess for company, is more than I can understand," said Miss Coyney; "she must be dreadfully hardened."

"Something more will come out before long, you may depend upon it," said Mrs. Pomfret, the pew-opener, to her Sunday afternoon gossips over the black crockery tea-pot, with a sphinx squatting on the lid.

This was the general opinion. Every body was waiting for something to come out. The servants had doubtless been paid to hold their tongues—dark facts had been kept back by bribery. But the truth would come out sooner or later—even if Mr. Harefield's ghost had to walk like the elder Hamlet.

"It may be a very long time, but it will all come out sooner or later," said Mr. Tudway, an old bachelor retired from the button trade, a great reader of magazines and Annual Registers, and the gentleman who brought Lucrezia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci on the tapis. "Look at Eliza Fenning."

"Ah," sighed Miss Coyney. "Very true."

She had the vaguest recollection of Eliza Fenning, as associated uncomfortably with beefsteak dumplings and hanged in consequence of the association; but she was not going to exhibit her ignorance before Mr. Tudway, who was disagreeably self-satisfied on the strength of his stray paragraphs and unconsidered scraps of information.

Beatrix Harefield was slow to discover the current of public feeling. The shock of her father's death left her for a little while apathetic to all smaller emotions, and when that wore off she had a new and pressing grief in Cyril's unkindness and abandonment. Her new sense of liberty brought her no happiness—no desire to taste the sweets of freedom, or to exchange the gloom and solitude of the Water House for brighter scenes. If her independence did not bring Cyril to her side it brought nothing. Wealth, power, liberty, were valueless without him.

The slow days went by, and she waited for her lover to make some sign. At first she was inclined to impute his conduct to a restraining delicacy, but as time went on a horrible fear began to take hold of her aching heart. He was purposely avoiding her. She had spent her Sunday evenings at the Vicarage. Kenrick had been there, but never Cyril. She had heard Mrs. Dulcimer express her regret at the curate's absence, heard his excuses, which seemed hardly valid—a sick parishioner to visit, letters to write.

"I should have thought he would not like to write letters on a Sunday evening," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "It seems rather lax."

"Do you think it more lax to write letters than to sit at this table talking of worldly things, from the last village scandal to the newest fashion in bonnet crowns?" speculated Mr. Dulcimer.

Kenrick was staying at the Vicarage. Mrs. Dulcimer had pressed him hospitably to remain. There was plenty of shooting in the neighborhood. Mr. Piper had made him free of the Park preserves, and there was good sport to be had on the moor. Altogether Kenrick felt that he might as well finish out his leave at Little Yafford. His cousin worked so hard that Kenrick and he saw very little of each other, and Kenrick had not yet ventured to sound Cyril about Beatrix. It was a delicate subject, and Kenrick felt greatly puzzled by his cousin's conduct. Could Cyril be such a fool as to give any heed to the poisonous tongues of Little Yafford? Kenrick could hardly imagine such folly, but he found it difficult to account for his cousin's avoidance of Miss Harefield on any other ground, unless, indeed, it were an overstrained delicacy which held him back from pushing his suit.

On the evening on which Cyril had arrived at a definite conclusion as to his line of conduct, Sir Kenrick dropped in at his lodgings, after the Vicarage tea, to smoke a friendly pipe with his cousin.

"You are not going out this evening?" inquired Kenrick, when they had shaken hands.

"No; I have some letters to write."

"Does that mean that I shall be a nuisance if I stay with you for an hour or two?"

"Not at all," answered Cyril. "I shall be very glad to have an evening's talk, and my letters can be written better toward midnight than earlier."

"That sounds as if the letters were important."

"They are important," said Cyril, gravely, as he closed the desk before which he had been sitting for nearly an hour in troubled thought, trying to frame his letter to Beatrix so that it should wound as little as possible.

"What a hermit you are growing!" said Kenrick. "You hardly ever come to the Vicarage now."

"I have so much to do elsewhere."

"But on Sunday evenings," suggested Kenrick, helping himself to a pipe from the neat arrangement of meerschaums and brier-woods on the mantel-piece, "surely you could spare an hour or two after evening service for social intercourse? That is always the pleasantest time at the Vicarage."

"I have been engaged even on Sunday evenings."

"Yes, of course, for a man who visits the poor there must be always an engagement. That kind of thing has no limit. Poor people like to be read to and talked to and compassionated. You can't suppose they would ever say, 'Hold, enough!' But you ought to have some consideration for your own health and spirits. You are looking ill and depressed."

"I am not ill, but I plead guilty to feeling depressed."

"What is the trouble?"

"I have made up my mind to leave this place, dear as it is to me. I am going to write to Mr. Dulcimer this evening to tell him my intention."

"You must be mad!" cried Kenrick. "Leave Little Yafford, just when fortune is ready to pour her favors into your lap—just when Miss Harefield is free to be your wife? You must be mad, Cyril!"

"No, I have been sorely perplexed, but I am not mad. I have deliberately weighed this question. Beatrix Harefield is to me the one perfect woman—the only woman I can ever love—but I can not ask her to be my wife."

"Why not, in Heaven's name?"

"I had rather not enter into my feelings on that point."

"Do you mean that you, a reasonable man, with eyes of your own and a mind of your own to see and judge with, are going to be led and ruled by the petty slanderers of Little Yafford—malicious creatures who envy Miss Harefield her ten thousand a year, and would like to think—or at any rate to make others think—that she jumped into fortune by crime?"

"I despise slanderers and evil-speakers," said Cyril, "but my wife must be spotless."

"Yes, in your own eyes and in the sight of Heaven. It can matter to you very little what Little Yafford thinks of her."

"To me individually nothing, to my office a great deal. The wife of a priest must be above suspicion; her name and fame must be unshadowed."

"Abandon your office, then. You can afford to do it if you marry a woman with ten thousand a year."

Cyril turned upon the speaker with eyes that flashed angrily across a cloud of gray smoke.

"Kenrick, can you believe for one moment that I took that office as a means of living, or that the gain of wealth or happiness would tempt me to surrender it? I should think myself a new Judas if I could turn my back upon my Master to marry the woman I love."

"Keep your office, then, and marry her all the same. Live down this slander. Stand up bravely before the world with your wife by your side, and let men say the worst they can of you. Your life and hers will be your answer."

"They would say I had married her because she has ten thousand a year," said Cyril. "I should do no good with her money. It would turn to withered leaves in my keeping. No, I love her—shall love her to the end—innocent or guilty—but I will not link my life with hers. Every hour of life would be a struggle between love and doubt."

"Innocent or guilty!" echoed Kenrick. "I see you are as bad as the rest. I should not have thought that possible. You have quite made up your mind, then, Cyril? You abandon all hope of winning Miss Harefield?"

"Entirely."

"So be it," said Kenrick. "Then let us talk of other things."

Though Sir Kenrick proposed a change of conversation, he was curiously silent and absent for the next half hour, and gave Cyril ample leisure for thought. The two young men sat smoking and looking at the fire as they had done on many a previous evening, each wrapped in his own thoughts. When the clock in the hall struck ten, Sir Kenrick emptied the ashes out of his pipe and put it back in its proper place on the mantel-piece.

"Well, good-night, old fellow," he said, in the usual careless style. "How soon do you think of leaving this place?"

"Before the end of the week."

"That's sudden."

"Yes, but remember what the Giaour said—

> 'Better to sink beneath the shock
> Than moulder piece-meal on the rock.'

Painful partings can not be too sudden."

"You will inconvenience Mr. Dulcimer."

"Not much. He got on without a curate for six months before I came."

"Where are you going?"

"To Bridford."

"A horrible manufacturing hole!" exclaimed Sir Kenrick.

"A place where there is good work to be done by any man strong enough to do it."

"Oh, you are mad, Cyril; that is all—a fanatic. No fakir with shriveled arms was ever worse. But I wish you well, dear fellow, wherever you go."

Kenrick went away wondering at his cousin's foolishness. He did not know how far things had gone between Cyril and Beatrix, or he might have wondered still more. He thought Cyril might have won Miss Harefield by trying. He did not know she was already won.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ONE OF THOSE CITY FELLOWS."

Our engraving on page 701 takes the reader back a hundred years or so, and introduces him to a country gentleman returning home, with two blooming daughters, from the village church, whose spire is seen just over the brow of a hill. The old gentleman does not seem to be particularly gratified at the appearance of a dandy from the city, rigged out in the fantastic fashion of the day, and bowing to the young ladies. As they appear to regard him with interest, however, the unconcealed paternal contempt affords him little concern.

CLAMMING IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Between the southern shore of Long Island and the narrow strip of fine white sand known as Fire Island Beach lies the Great South Bay, nearly a hundred miles in length and varying from two to five miles in breadth. Through the sandy strip there are occasional openings to the ocean. This bay affords one of the most extensive and productive clamming preserves on the American coast, and it was here that Mr. Abbey made the graphic and interesting sketches given on page 700, from which the reader can form an idea of the methods employed in taking clams for the markets of New York and other cities.

The trade in clams is enormous and constantly increasing. Millions are sold every year in New York alone, and it is estimated that the number of clams annually consumed in the country reaches nearly 50,000,000. There are many ways of cooking clams. The clam-roast and the clam-bake are in prime favor at the sea-side resorts all along our eastern coast; but these are chiefly for out-of-door entertainments. There are several excellent recipes for clam chowder in Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving*, recently published by Harper & Brothers. We give two of them:

"Put fifty clams on the fire in their own liquor, with a little salt. When they have boiled about three minutes, strain them, and return the liquor to the fire. Chop a medium-sized onion (two ounces) into small pieces, and cut six ounces of pork into dice. Fry both a light color in two ounces (size of an egg) of butter; then stir in three ounces of flour (two table-spoonfuls). When thoroughly cooked, add the clam liquor, half a pint of good stock or milk, the same quantity of cream, a salt-spoonful of mace, a salt-spoonful of thyme, salt to taste, and eight ounces of potatoes cut into dice. When these are cooked, and the chowder is about to be sent to table, add the clams cut in dice, and four ounces of ship-bread or crackers broken in pieces.

"*Tunison Clam Chowder.*—Two hundred soft clams, one large onion, twenty large crackers, can of tomatoes, parsley (chopped fine), half a pound of butter, one large tea-spoonful of sweet-marjoram, thyme, sage, savory, half a tea-spoonful of ground cloves, and half a tea-spoonful of curry. Boil well; then add half a pint of milk and half a pint of sherry wine."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Colonel Prejevalsky, the Russian explorer in Eastern Turkestan, announces that he has solved the much-disputed problem as to the existence of the wild camel, by capturing three of them. It has been generally supposed that the camel, like many other domestic animals, was descended from individuals of whjch no wild representatives existed at the present day.

The local committee for the Nashville meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held on the 29th of August, announce that the citizens will entertain all members of the association to whom such hospitalities will be acceptable, and that the hotels will furnish board at from $1 50 to $2 per day. All the railroads running into Nashville have promised important concessions as to fare. Numerous entertainments of various kinds are promised to the members, including trips by railway to various interesting points.

Among recent methods employed to prevent the incrustation of boilers, the process of De Häen is now occupying attention, which consists in the use of barium chloride in proportions varying with the chemical composition of the boiler water.

Two notable German scientific associations have lately announced their programmes of operations in their meetings of the present year—that of German Naturalists and Physicians, to be held at Munich from the 17th to the 22d of September, and the general meeting of the German Anthropological Society, at Constance, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of the same month. Invitations to attend these meetings have been extended to collaborators in the United States.

An interesting and striking lecture experiment in physics consists in boiling water held in place by a muslin net. This is accomplished by closing the mouth of a bell-jar with coarse muslin, and then depressing it into a vessel of water, and drawing the water up into the jar by aspiration through a tube in the upper part. The bell-jar, on being raised out of the water, will retain its contents without leaking. A Bunsen flame may then be placed under the suspended water, and its temperature raised even to boiling without any of it escaping through the meshes.

A Nestor of astronomical science died, about the beginning of June last, in the person of Professor Santini, Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory in the University of Padua. He was born in 1786, and consequently had nearly completed his ninety-first year. His connection with the University of Padua was very long, having been appointed to the observatory in 1814. He was especially noted as an astronomer in connection with the investigations relative to Biela's comet. He also prosecuted inquiries in regard to the mass of the sun, Jupiter, etc. A text-book of astronomy from his pen was for many years a standard work in Italy.

Among the various State Boards of Health, those of Massachusetts and Michigan deserve special prominence for the character of their researches and their application of the principles of sanitary science. Quite lately the Michigan board has issued a circular in reference to the restriction and prevention of scarlet fever, believing that by proper precaution epidemics of this kind can be easily prevented.

They set out with the proposition that scarlet fever is now believed to be one of the most contagious diseases, and requires as careful treatment of the patient and of his excretions as in cases of small-pox, like which, also, it has a period of incubation of from one to fourteen days.

The first precaution is the isolation of the sick from the well, and the prevention of contact with the patient. The room should be cleared from all unnecessary clothing, carpets, or other substances in which the poison may lurk and be thence transferred elsewhere. The patient should use rags in place of handkerchiefs, so that they may be burned. Body and bed linen should be placed in vessels of water containing chloride of lime or similar substance. Discharges should be received in a solution of sulphate of iron or copper, and be afterward buried. Persons recovering from this disease should be considered dangerous as long as there is any scaling of the skin, soreness of the eyes, etc. Many other precautions are inculcated, all of which are considered more or less important.

It is proposed by the Royal Geographical Society to place a portion of the African Exploration Fund, now being raised under its auspices, at the command of Mr. Alfred E. Craven, for the purpose of prosecuting geographical investigations in the Tanganyika district. He will be provided with suitable instruments, and much is expected from his undertaking.

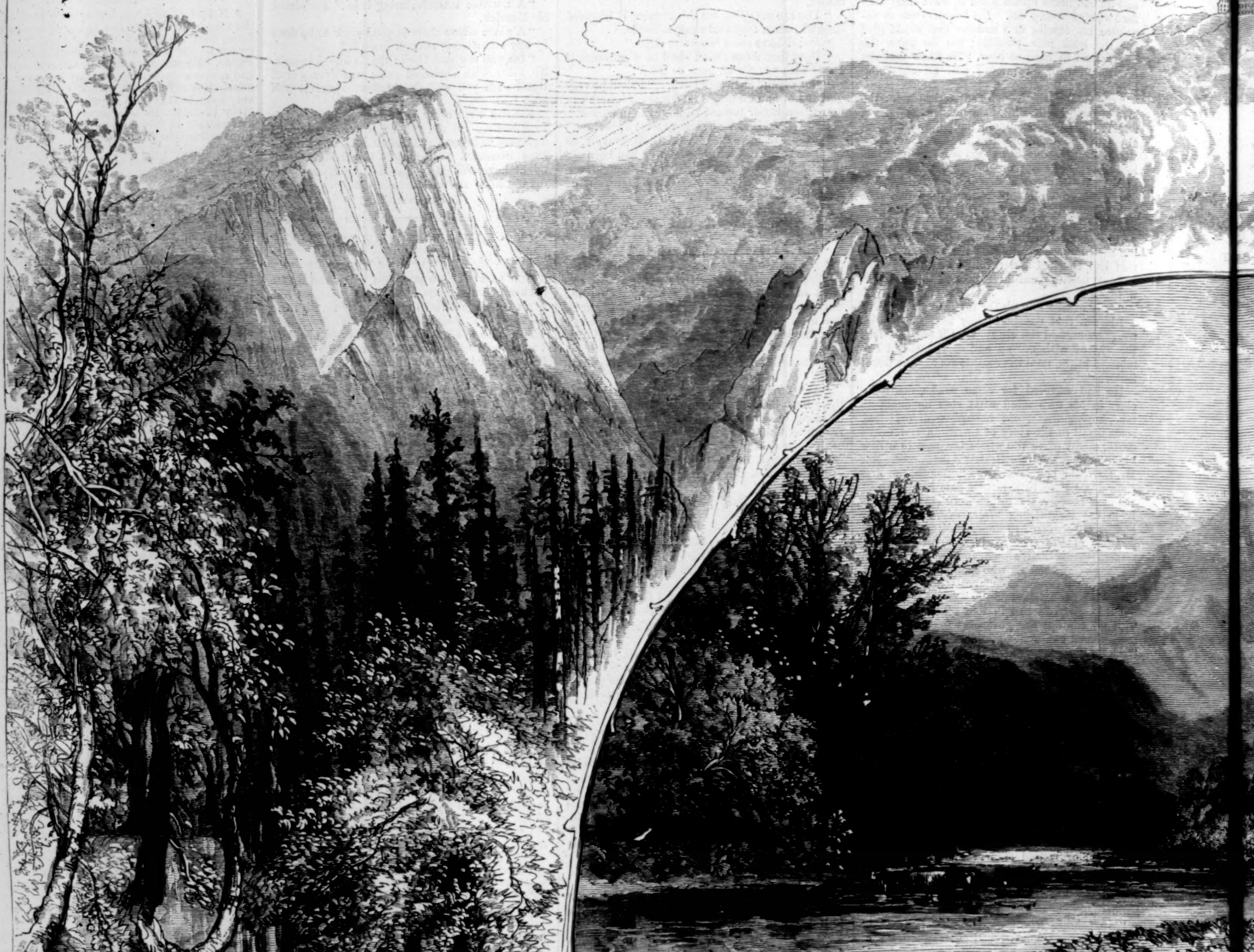
Professor Henry's portion of the report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1876 has been printed in separate pamphlet form, in advance of the entire volume, and gives the usual record of operations for the period.

It draws attention to the fact that it is the thirtieth of the annual series made by him, and that the policy advised at the first meeting of the board has been carried out with scarcely any modification. The original fund of $541,379 has been increased to $714,000, although a building costing nearly $500,000 has been erected. There is a library of 70,000 volumes of the most valuable class of books, namely, the serial scientific publications of learned societies. The museum has grown until it now ranks among the best in existence. This embraces copious collections illustrating the ethnology and natural history of the world.

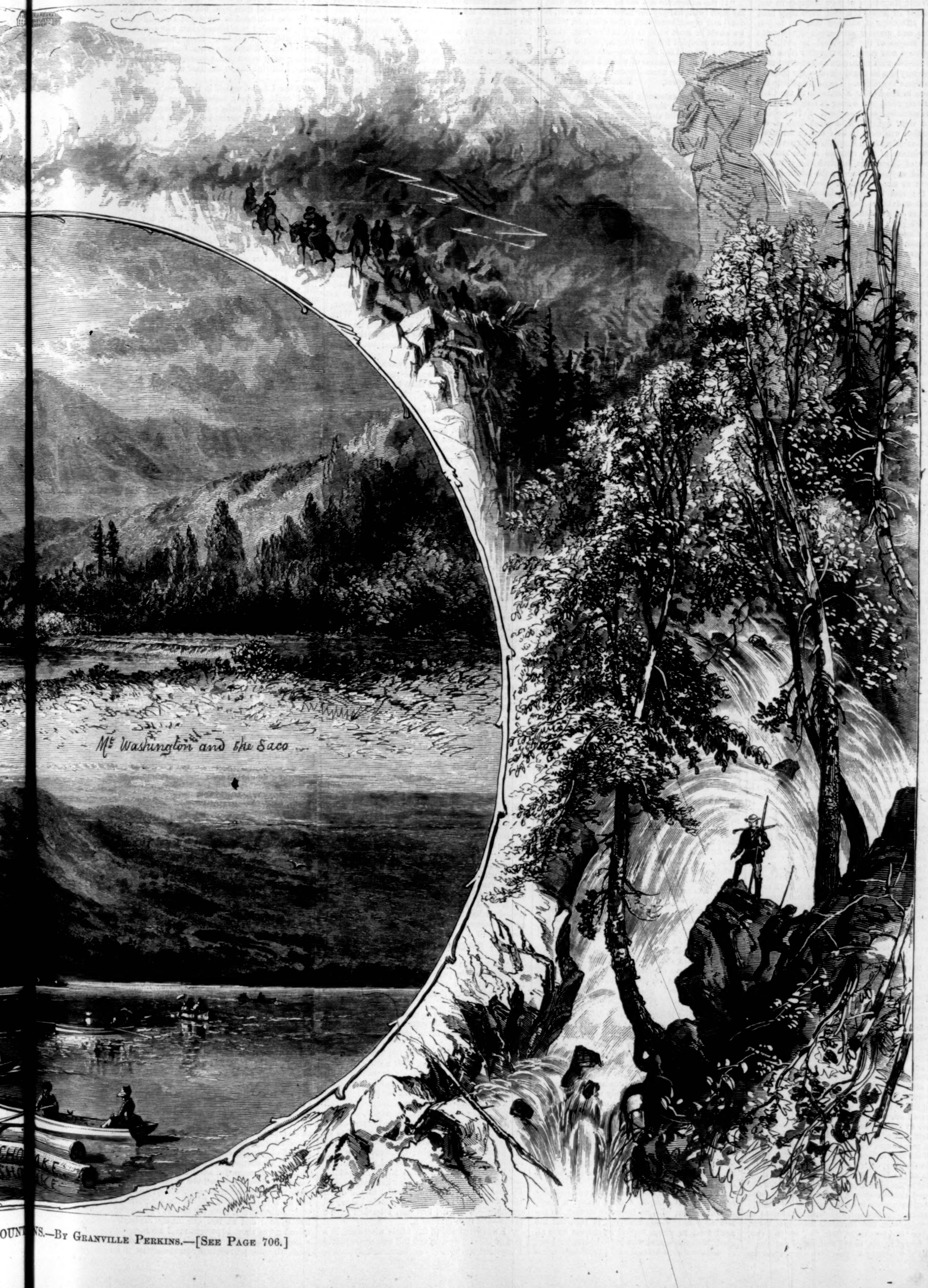
The Institution has published twenty-one quarto and forty-two octavo volumes of Transactions and reports. It has carried on successfully a great system of meteorological observations (only intermitted on the successful operations of the Signal Service), the results of which have been issued in a number of stately volumes. It is now prosecuting a great system of international exchanges, for the benefit of the whole world. Its correspondence, both at home and abroad, requires a large number of clerks and specialists; and the name of Smithson is universally known in consequence.

Mr. James Croll, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, whose writings have thrown so much light upon the existence of geological climate and time, has lately written a very striking article upon "The probable Origin and Age of the Sun." In attempting to estimate the causes of the sun's heat, Mr. Croll remarks that the hypothesis of an actual combustion of solar material is out of the question, since even if that body were composed of a solid mass of coal, it would be consumed in less than 5000 years. He therefore insists that the enormous store of heat possessed by the sun can only have been derived from gravitation, and that in all probability the "contraction" theory of Helmholtz is the one that must be adopted. This proposition is that the sun orginally existed as a nebulous mass, and belonged to the entire space now occupied by the solar system, and extending indefinitely beyond it, and that the amount of heat caused by its gradual condensation to its present dimensions would furnish enough to last over 20,000,000 years. This period, however, he considers to be entirely insufficient to cover the geological ages during which the sun must have existed as a complete body, and having the earth as one of its satellites.

He finds in geological changes the evidence of the abrasion and denudation of single systems of strata, in some cases as much as 20,000 feet, for which almost countless ages were necessary. Indeed, he estimates that 15,000,000 years would be necessary to lower any country one mile by denudation; and he thinks six miles the lowest estimate of the entire aggregate, or what would require a period of 90,000,000 years. Finding, therefore, that an antiquity of more than 20,000,000 years is absolutely necessary for his hypothesis, Mr. Croll supposes that two solid bodies, originally moving separately in space, have come together, at a rate which he estimates at 476 miles per second at the moment of collision. These would instantly be dissipated into vapor and converted into nebulous matter by the inconceivable amount of heat generated, and on condensation the single spherical mass would be the result. This, according to his calculation, would furnish heat for 200,000,000 years, thus supplying the margin required.



REMINISCENCES OF THE WHITE MOUNT


Mt Washington and the Saco

OUNTNS.—By Granville Perkins.—[See Page 706.]

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Catskills of New York still keep their hold upon the affections of summer tourists, despite the wilder and grander attractions of the great mountain ranges of the far West, to which the iron highways now carry the traveller from New York or Boston with more ease and comfort than half a century ago he could traverse the distance between those two cities. There is nothing left to explore in the White Mountains or the Catskills. Every nook and corner is familiar to artists and summer pleasure-seekers. Yet the charm does not wear out. True, a great deal of the pleasure that was once to be found in mountain travel has vanished from Mount Washington since the completion of the railroad to the summit. The ease of the ascent deprives the visitor of all the old way-side delights; the loitering here and there at some beautiful vista through the forest, the rest in some quiet nook to slake the thirst and bathe hands and temples in the cool waters of a mountain stream, the anticipation of the glory of the prospect from the summit—in short, all the æsthetic pleasure of the climb vanishes the moment you take a seat in a railway car and suffer yourself to be dragged up by a puffing, snorting engine. There is an end of sentiment at once. Every genuine lover of mountain grandeur and beauty regrets this degenerate method of gaining the sublime heights above the clouds. In some degree the same objections apply to the coach, and in general it may be said that no one has any right to enjoy mountain scenery who is unwilling to undergo the necessary amount of toil to secure it to the full.

The "improvements" in White Mountain travel began about the year 1819, when Ethan Crawford made a rude path to the summit of Mount Washington. It was soon perceived that a house of some kind was needed, so that visitors could spend the night near the summit, and thus be able to view the sunset and sunrise. So Mr. Crawford constructed a stone cabin near the top of Mount Washington, and furnished it with an abundance of soft moss for beds. By-and-by a small stove was brought up, and an iron chest as a receptacle for camping blankets, and a roll of sheet lead whereon visitors might register their names. Every winter this house was seriously damaged by wind and weather. At length, in the great August storm of 1826, when the Willey family were destroyed by an avalanche, this cabin, with its iron chest, was swept down the steep slope and lost. A party of travellers had taken refuge there for the night, but, terrified by the violence of the storm, hastened down the mountain, and thus saved their lives.

The Summit House was built on the very top of the mountain in 1852. It is twenty-four by sixty-four feet, with thick stone walls, firmly cemented together, and bolted down to the solid rock. Four strong cables pass over the roof, and this building has firmly withstood the fierce blasts that have assailed it. About 1853 the Tip-Top House was built in the same substantial manner as the Summit House, and of about the same size. In 1873 the Mount Washington Summit House was opened—a long three-story wooden building, strongly constructed, and firmly bound down to the rocks. It is steam-heated, has a telegraph and post-office, and from there the numerous visitors are fond of sending messages and letters to all parts of the country. The other buildings on the peak are the United States Signal Service Observatory, the engine-house of the railway, and the Glen House stables.

The picturesque features of White Mountain travel are admirably depicted in our double-page engraving from sketches by Mr. Granville Perkins.

A FLAT ROMANCE.

It was in a French-flat house—not one of those large, imposing structures, five or six stories high, where every suite of apartments consists of a parlor, a sitting-room, a good-sized bedroom which opens into a smaller, which opens into a smallest, a comfortable airy dining-room, a well-lighted library, and one or two other rooms, but a rather shabby three-story dwelling that had been remodeled in ambitious rivalry of its more palatial neighbors, and on each floor of which there was a parlor, but no sitting-room, a smaller and smallest, but no good-sized bedroom, a dining-room as large as a respectable closet, a kitchen the size of a closet not quite so respectable, and no other rooms—that the following correspondence took place.

It was commenced by the third floor, who staid out late nights, and lay abed late mornings, on the afternoon of April 1, 1876, and lasted just five days—the barber's boy, who came at breakfast-time, and the grocer's boy, who called about dinner-time, in consideration of slight pecuniary rewards, acting as postmen.

"Madam,—Though exceedingly reluctant to make any complaint in regard to those who reside under the same roof as myself, I am absolutely obliged in the present instance to do so. Unfortunately my business compels me to work during the better part of the night, and in consequence I am forced to make up for the rest denied me at the proper season by sleeping during the early part of the day. This I was able to do until a month ago, when your family took possession of the second floor. Since then I have tried in vain to slumber, or, if I succeeded in crossing the portals of the Land of Nod, my sleep was a sleep haunted by dreadful dreams of war and rumors of war, and thunder-storms, and earthquakes, and things of like nature, in consequence of loud stampings, strange skurryings, and shrill repetitions of the words, 'one, two, *three*,' or 'one, two, three, *four*,' or 'one, two, three, four, *five*,' or 'one, two, three, four, five, *six*,' to say nothing of occasional shrieks of wild laughter that have arisen from the apartment below me every morning between the hours of eight and nine.

"If the annoyance *can not* be done away with, my aunt (who, happily for herself in this case, is deaf) and myself must seek other quarters, which we would be most loath to do, as this floor, which we have occupied for nearly a year, suited us—or perhaps I should say suited *me*—exactly until the mysterious performances of which I have written commenced in the second story.

"With respect, Elbert Muldrew."

"Sir,—I am extremely sorry that the stamping, and one, two, *threeing*, and four-*fiveing*, and five-*sixing*, and wild shrieking, and apparent skirmishing, have disturbed your aunt (beg pardon—I forgot the old lady was 'happily deaf;' I meant to have said *you*) so much; but I fear it will be impossible for some time to come to do away with 'the annoyance.' And really, Sir, to tell the honest truth, I don't think *your* health will suffer any more from *your* interrupted slumbers between the hours of eight and nine A.M. than *mine* from *my* loss of sleep between the earlier hours of one and three—the hours that have heretofore been to me the sweetest hours of repose.

"Mabel Nelson."

"Madam,—I fail to understand your insinuation about your 'loss of sleep.' Pray in what way do *I* interfere with 'the sweetest hours of repose' mentioned so pathetically in your note?

"Respectfully, E. M."

"Sir,—I may be mistaken; perhaps it is your aged aunt, whom you consider so blessed in being deaf, and who, I understand, is the only occupant of the third floor besides yourself, who stumbles—excuse the expression—up stairs very often at the time named, sometimes singing snatches of melancholy songs, especially 'I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,' and 'It may be for years, and it may be forever,' and sometimes uttering the most dismal groans and heart-rending sighs, and who, after reaching the room above mine, flings her boots down, one after the other, with two tremendous thumps right over my head. M. N."

"Dear Madam,—If you but knew the cause of those miserable attempts at song, and 'dismal groans,' and 'heart-rending sighs,' I am sure your womanly heart would prompt you to sympathy instead of sarcasm.

"Yours truly, Elbert Muldrew."

"Dear Sir,—If you were but aware of the very sufficient reason I could give you for the stamping and shouting and counting—that is, if you only knew *why* it was necessary that they should go on—I think your manly nature would come to my defense, and enable you to firmly resolve to sleep through the noise, or at least bear it a little more patiently. And though a total stranger to you, some not-to-be-resisted impulse impels me to tell you 'why.' Besides which, I really don't want you and your aunt to think me unladylike and disobliging, and I wouldn't for the *world* drive you and your aunt away from the place you have lived in in comfort until *my* family became the tenants of the second flat.

"I am a poor, a very poor, girl, with one talent, which some good, far-seeing fairy must have bestowed upon me at my birth, the last one I, with human incapacity for peering into the future, should have chosen, if I had been capable of choosing for myself. I dance well, and have also, they tell me, a great gift at inventing pretty figures, and arranging tableaux to be introduced in fairy spectacles and performances of like nature.

"The wife of my father's last employer (poor father! he *was* an excellent book-keeper, but having had a great deal of trouble with his eyes, is *now* nearly helpless), hearing of this one accomplishment of mine, and knowing that the support of the household would devolve almost entirely upon me, kindly interested herself in my behalf, and, thanks to her, I have and have had a great deal to do in the way of assisting at amateur theatricals and children's festivities.

"And one of the consequences of this pleasant occupation is that I have several little pupils in training for the great ball scene in the grand extravaganza of *Cinderella; or, the Glass Slipper*, which is to be produced at the house of my principal patroness two weeks from to-day. They come to me every morning between the hours of eight and nine, as you unfortunately know too well, that being the most convenient time for both them and me.

"Little pupils *will* stamp, *will* skirmish, *will* indulge in extra steps, *will* laugh, *will* shriek, *will* join in a chorus of one, two, threeing, etc.; but little pupils give me and my old father and my young sister *bread*.

"Respectfully yours, Mabel Nelson."

"Dear Miss Nelson,—Shout, dance, and laugh as much as you please, that is, let the little ones do so. I wish I were a pupil myself. It must be rather jolly ushering in the day with a merry dance. I'll change rooms with my aunt, who, being almost as hard of hearing as the old lady who, at the fifth or sixth tremendous round of cannon near her residence, became dimly impressed with the idea that somebody was knocking at the door, and looking placidly over her knitting, feebly called out, 'Come in,' would never find out there was a dancing class in the room below.

"Do forgive me for my bearishness to you. I am heartily ashamed of it—I am, upon my word. Your charming confidence reproved and delighted me, and I feel impelled, by the same mysterious influence of which you speak, to give you mine in return.

"I am a humble compositor, and still humbler occasional scribbler on a daily paper: a lonely sort of fellow, with no father or mother, no sisters or brothers—no relatives, in fact, but the aged aunt to whom several references have already been made, and who is, God bless her! one of the most kind-hearted and affectionate creatures in the world, besides being a tip-top housekeeper and excellent cook.

"Some twelve or thirteen months ago a shadow fell upon my life, and, like many other foolish young fellows upon whose lives shadows have fallen, I once in a while stumble up stairs singing lugubrious songs at inappropriate hours. Of course you will guess at once that this shadow was a disappointment in love. It was, and being above all things constant in my nature, I can not dispel it. Often, when coming home tired and heart-weary, I think of the dream I used to cherish a little over a year ago—a dream of a bright face that might ere long greet me when I returned from my labor, a sweet voice that would tenderly welcome me, a loving and devoted wife who would be the joy and sunshine of my life—and I suppose I do unconsciously sigh and groan. But since in so doing I disturb you, I will keep watch and guard over myself, and do so no more.

"Truly yours, Elbert Muldrew."

"My dear Sir,—I beg of you not to repress the sighs and groans on my account. Heaven forbid that I should be so selfish as to find fault with them if they afford any relief to your overcharged heart.

"A silent sorrow is the most dangerous. While we can indulge in audible regrets there is still hope for us. Believe me when I say you have my heartiest sympathy. But don't you think you yield too readily to the influence of a shadow? Were I a man, I should defy shadows; as I am only a girl, I laugh at them. But then, again, I've had no parallel experience to yours. With the exception of my father's misfortune, no great grief has fallen to my lot, my mother having died when I was too young to miss her; but I think that once I *just* escaped one.

"Don't change your sleeping-room. I received my scholars in mine because there was a fire there—in future I'll take them into the parlor.

"Respectfully yours, Mabel Nelson."

"Dear Miss Nelson,—I shall change it. Don't fly to the parlor. If you do, you will be obliged to have a fire *there*, and coal is dear.

"So you have been near a great sorrow. May I tell you about mine?

"Very truly yours, E. M."

"My dear Sir,—You may. M. N."

"My dear Miss Nelson,—A year and seven months ago I was employed in a publishing house in a Western city, and my way to my place of business lay through a secluded street completely shaded by the wide-spreading branches of splendid old trees. Looking up this street, it seemed to end in a lovely green bower, and out of this bower came walking toward me one bright morning—the birds were chirping merrily, and the leaves rustling pleasantly—the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life.

"She had flashing steel-blue eyes, the most delicate complexion, short loose golden curls, exquisite nose and mouth, and a springy, graceful step. But I won't dwell upon her manifold loveliness, for, young as I am, I have already learned that, no matter how kind and good a woman may be, she scarcely ever takes any interest in a man's enthusiastic description of the beauty of a member of her own sex. Suffice it to say that the moment my eyes fell upon her I said, with Geraint (Geraint of 'The Idyls of the King,' which I hope you have read and liked),

"'Here by God's rood is the one maid for me.'

"Well, almost every morning, for a month after that, at the same hour we met—when we didn't, I assure you I was blue enough for the rest of the day; and in a week or two more she began to blush prettily, then to smile faintly, then to smile more brightly; then I took courage and raised my hat to her, and she responded with a shy little nod, and then I offered her some flowers, which she took with a murmured 'thanks' as she sped hastily away.

"But I was beginning to despair of ever becoming acquainted with her, when one morning, as she emerged from the bower, an old friend and fellow-craftsman of mine, whom I had not seen for a long while, came suddenly around the nearest corner, started in surprise on beholding me, and then grasped me heartily by the hand.

"Much as I like him—for he is a real good fellow—I wished from the bottom of my heart that he had postponed his appearance for a few moments, until I saw him bowing with a pleased smile of recognition to the pretty fair-haired girl.

"'I'll see you again, old boy,' he said, starting to join her as she passed; but I held him fast. I feared to let the opportunity slip.

"'See *her* again?' said I, entreatingly. 'Who is she?'

"He looked at me a moment, as though he thought I had suddenly gone daft, and then quietly replied, 'A friend of my sister's. Lovely girl, isn't she?'

"'Angelic!' said I. 'Will you introduce me?'

"'With her permission, most willingly.'

"'When? Let it be soon, very soon, and I'll owe you a debt of gratitude that I never shall forget during the remainder of my life.'

"'You're hit hard,' said he, smiling. 'I'll call for you in the evening;' and we parted.

"I seemed to be treading on air the rest of my journey, and every thing I beheld appeared to be endowed with new beauty and sweetness: the sun never shone so bright; the birds never sang so cheerily; the trees never looked so green.

"Work? Bless you, Miss Nelson, I couldn't—I was too happy. 'Give me a half holiday, and I'll make it up to-morrow,' said I to the chief. He pushed up his spectacles and looked at me inquiringly—it was the first time I'd asked such a favor—and then granted it.

"I wandered about, the whole afternoon, in a sort of blissful dream, and full two hours before I expected my friend, went home to make ready for the promised interview. Never before had I been so hard to suit on the subject of cravats. I tried and rejected three—a black, a brown, and a crimson—and then went out and bought a lavender (the last color in the world I should have worn), because I remembered *that* was the color of the ribbon on her hat. I was putting on my gloves for the fiftieth time when Tom arrived, and treating with scorn his proposition to have a smoke, I hurried him to the door and out into the street.

"When I found myself in the same room with her, I could scarcely believe in my happiness; yet there she sat before me, my friend's sister holding one of her pretty hands, and worshiping her as very young girls often worship other girls a little older and much more beautiful than themselves.

"Miss Nelson, she was charming—her voice low and sweet, and her laugh like rippling water. You know how often the charm of a sweet face is dispelled by a discordant voice and harsh laugh. When *she* talked and laughed, her face was sweeter than ever. And when I bade her 'good-night,' promising—the old excuse—to bring her, in a couple of days, a book of which I had been speaking, and which she had expressed a wish to read, I was more in love than ever.

"I [illegible] just two days after—it had seemed like two months to me—book in hand, I presented myself at her door, and in answer to my ring an old woman appeared, who informed me, in an apathetic way, that 'the folks had gone, they had.'

"'Gone! impossible!' I exclaimed.

"'To Chicago,' she continued, in the same exasperating tone. 'His brother was a-dying, and sent a telegraph for him and her.'

"'Him and her,' I repeated, impatiently. 'Whom do you mean?'

"'Why, the father and the young girl.'

"'But they will return?'

"'No, they won't. They took what they wanted with them, and left the rest here in payment for some rent they owed me. You wouldn't be wanting a cook stove or some flat-irons, would you?'

"'Haven't you their address?'

"'No, I hain't; they went in such a hurry, and it wasn't any use to me.—Or a kitchen table with a drawer?'

"Perfectly bewildered and awfully disappointed, I turned away.

"'Or a clothes-wringer almost as good as new?' called the old woman after me as I descended the steps.

"That night I didn't sleep at all, and the next morning, as I took my accustomed route to the office, the sunshine seemed faded, the street dreary, the song of the birds complaining and sad.

"I couldn't stand it. After a few days I gave up my position and started for Chicago. I had nothing but her name to guide me, and of course I didn't find her. Then I fancied I had discovered a slight clew, and hastened to a neighboring city. A letter from my friend followed me there, in which he stated that she was in New York, at a certain address, which he inclosed. I never stopped, day or night, after receiving this information, until I arrived in New York. I reached the city at midnight. Early next morning I sought the house to which I had been directed. The sour-faced landlady told me 'they'd left the night before, and she knew nothing about them.' I suspect she must have had some ugly daughters.

"My old aunt, whom I had not seen since I was a little boy, I found in an 'old ladies' home.' She joyfully consented to leave, and come and keep house for me. A year has nearly passed away, and still no trace of *her*. I almost begin to despair of ever seeing her bright face or hearing her sweet voice again. But I am true to her memory. You may smile, Miss Nelson, but I am in solemn earnest when I declare I shall never love again. Wherever Ethel Brower is, my heart is with her. Most sincerely yours,

"Elbert Muldrew.

"My aunt talks of calling on you."

"My dear Mr. Muldrew,—I can not tell you how much, how *very* much, I was interested in your story, which, by the strangest coincidence, forcibly recalls the period of my life when, for a little while, a cloud hovered near me. The similarity of our experiences strikes me as being so wonderful that I hasten to recount mine, that you may share in my wonder.

"About a year and a half ago I resided in a Western city, and almost every morning went to take lessons from an old French dancing-master, a dear old man, who, finding the number of his scholars increasing very rapidly, contemplated making me his assistant—a position I looked forward to with eagerness, as my father's eyesight had already began to fail. Well, whenever I wended my way through a tree-shaded street—precisely like that you so graphically described in your last letter—to the residence of Monsieur Berant, I met a handsome young man, one of the handsomest I have ever seen. He had large honest eyes, dark wavy hair, and a certain *sweet* expression of face, not common among men, which led all vagrant dogs and other vagrants to approach him without fear. He was well formed; not tall; rather short, in fact; had— But I'll not bore you with a full description; for, inexperienced as I am, I have discovered that men, as a general thing, do not listen patiently to a woman's praise of the personal appearance of a *man*. After meeting him two or three times, I could not help becoming conscious of the glance of respectful admiration with which he regarded me. This look of respectful admiration continued for a month; then he greeted my appearance with a smile; then, in the most gallant way, raised his hat as I passed; then offered me courteously a fragrant bouquet (I have the flowers still—faded, but sweet); and at last one lovely September morning was about to present me, I am sure, with a lovely basket filled with fruit, when a friend of mine, who also proved, to my great surprise, to be a friend of his, appeared on the scene, and I left the rosy-cheeked peaches and luscious grapes behind me.

"Later in the day I met 'our mutual friend' again, and he was loud in the praises of the young man with the frank gray eyes, confirming in the most emphatic manner my own impressions as to his goodness and worth, and ending by asking permission to introduce him—a request that I granted, I will confess, with pleasure.

"That very evening they presented themselves—'our mutual friend's' sister, a sweet, loving little thing, having spent the afternoon and taken tea with me—and a right merry, happy time we four young people had, and when we parted it was with many promises to meet again.

"But, alas, we *never* met again. That night, soon after they left, my father was summoned to the death-bed of his only brother, and at dawn we started for Chicago, leaving, as I afterward discovered, Monsieur Berant inconsolable for the loss of his assistant. From Chicago we went to a neighboring city to meet my sister, who had been paying a long visit to an old friend; and from there we all three came to New York, my father wishing to consult a celebrated oculist resident here, and here we have been ever since.

"Now don't you see, Mr. Muldrew, that if we had not been called away as suddenly as we were, I *might*—I write thus freely to you because you have been so frank with me—have become very much attached to the gray-eyed, dark-haired young man; and then, when at last obliged to separate from him, as I surely would have been, on account of the New York oculist, how great a sorrow would have been mine!

"As it was, my heart was only lightly touched—at least not deeply wounded enough to imbitter my life, and render me unfit for the funny little parts that invariably fall to me in the amateur theatricals. Besides which, I have always had an idea that in some totally unexpected way, at some totally unexpected time, I should meet Charles Lang again. In fact, I'm sure I shall.

"Very sincerely yours,

"MABEL NELSON.

"P.S.—Your aunt will be most cordially welcomed."

Down stairs in a hurry flew the third floor—he had taken to getting up early since the correspondence commenced—after reading this last note, and the second evidently expected him, for she opened the door instantly when he knocked, and swept him a dancing-school courtesy with a half-shy, half-mischievous look on her pretty face.

There stood the class of little pupils, prepared to stamp, shout, count, and shriek; there sat the old father, peering from under his shaggy eyebrows at the new-comer, but the bright-faced young fellow caught the little toil-worn hand held out to him, and pressed it to his lips in real old-fashioned lover style.

"And Mabel Nelson?" he said.

"My *nom de théâtre*. And Elbert Muldrew?"

"My *nom de plume*."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 9.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 23.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 29.—St. Michael.
Sunday, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE religious world in the United States may be said, at the time of this writing, to have gone to the woods. From Maine to the far South and the far West worship has been set up in tabernacles under the trees. The attendance of the people never was greater. The chief gathering of the Methodists of Baltimore is at Emory Grove, about fourteen miles north of the city. The out-door meeting has, however, ceased to be denominational; it has been appropriated for various philanthropic purposes. At Ocean Grove, although the gates were closed, and admission was only practicable by ticket, 13,000 persons were present on Sunday, August 19. At Chautauqua the Sunday-school Assembly, which closed August 20, was followed by a "Scientific Congress," during which lectures on the principles of science, with illustrations, were delivered by college and university professors. About 200 cottages have been erected on the Chautauqua grounds.

Professor BLAIKIE, of Edinburgh, has prepared, since the adjournment of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, an account of the "History, Statistics, and Work of the Presbyterian Churches throughout the World." The statistics show a total of 21,373 churches (excluding Germany), of which number Switzerland has 898; France, 586; Holland, 1309; Hungary, 2007; Scotland, 3069; Ireland, 595; England, 258; Wales, 1098; the United States (including the German and Dutch Reformed Churches), 9793; Canada, 1008; South Africa, 154; Australia, 248. The number of ministers is less than the total of the churches, being 18,987. It will be seen that nearly half of the churches are in our own country.

The Reformed Episcopalians are building a fine church in Toronto. They have also added more than one hundred members to the St. Paul's Church, Chicago, of which Bishop FALLOWS was formerly pastor. The following ministers have been elected professors in their Theological Seminary at Chicago: Systematic Theology and Exegesis, WILLIAM H. COOPER; Church History, J. MASON GALLAGHER; Pastoral Theology, J. HOWARD SMITH; Apologetics, J. D. WILSON; Philosophy and Rhetoric, W. J. HUNTER.

It is claimed for Glasgow that it is the greatest Presbyterian city in the world. There are in it 185 Presbyterian churches. Of these, 49 belong to the State Kirk, 70 to the Free Church, and 52 to the United Presbyterians. There are in Glasgow only 35 churches of all other denominations.

Among the recent notable deaths in England is that of Mr. JOHN BATE CARDALE, the leader of the Catholic Apostolic Church, whose members are commonly known as Irvingites. He was the first called of IRVING'S apostolate, and had jurisdiction over Great Britain and the United States. By profession he was an attorney. He is described as a "man of iron will and dominant character, which would brook no opposition. In his personal appearance he presented a perfect picture of the English country gentleman. His style of dress—a black frock-coat, and the black stock of thirty years ago supporting the old-fashioned upright collar, reaching well up on to the face—and his ruddy and hearty complexion told nothing at all of the man as he was when vested in alb, stole, and chasuble, or when seated in solemn council in cope of cloth of gold."

The British Wesleyan Conference has finally perfected the plan of admitting lay representatives which has been under consideration for two years. It was determined that one-eighth of the lay representation should consist of the lay treasurers of twelve connectional funds, and eighteen other persons, six of whom shall retire every year. The remaining seven-eighths of the lay delegates will be chosen by the district meetings. Each delegate must have been a member of society for five continuous years, and at the time of his election a holder of office. The new system will go into operation in 1878. The Conference also decided to have four missionary secretaries, instead of three as formerly. The Rev. E. E. JENKINS and the Rev. M. C. OSBORNE were accordingly chosen to make the number complete.

According to a letter of EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, the well-known Protestant member of the French House of Deputies, a Catholic committee has been formed in Paris for the purpose of supporting, in the coming elections, the Church candidates. The circular issued by the committee avows extreme ultramontane principles. "Catholic candidates," it says, "are those who boldly hoist the Catholic flag. Convinced that in these troublous times the Church, with its infallible teaching, offers for France the necessary centre of union and of resistance, they do not shrink from being described as clericals, and are no more ashamed of the Syllabus than of their creed." M. DE PRESSENSÉ is of opinion that this avowal will not help the clericals in France: "It is enough to say to Frenchmen, '*Do you wish for a government of the curés?*' to make them stand up as one man against the ultramontane party."

Great interest is felt in the next meeting of the English Church Congress at Croydon, a suburb of London. The points of this interest are stated by the *Guardian* as follows: "For the first time the Congress, which has shown itself, and in some degree made its mark, in most of our chief provincial towns, makes its appearance in the metropolis. Next, it is to be held, for the first time, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which is involved a new recognition of its importance and value. But, above all, it will meet in a singularly critical time." A strong desire is expressed to make the work of the Congress more specific, which can only be accomplished by making the topics of the papers read more precise. As long as the topics are very general, the papers will more or less abound in platitudes. The *Guardian* says of the reorganization of the Congress: "The idea, which has long been suggested, of assimilating it to the British Association and the Social Science Congress may or may not be right. Still, we certainly wish that there were some body capable of giving it thorough consideration, and acting, should it seem necessary."

The *Church Times* of London has a plan for "spiking the gun," as it calls the late decision of the English Privy Council in relation to clerical vestments. It proposes to piece together several parts of vesture now used by the clergy of its party, so as to make of the combination technically a surplice, but really something else. It says: "When all this was done, the essential peculiarity and the general aspect of the ancient eucharistic vesture, that of being a loose flowing robe, superimposed on a tight clinging one, would be preserved, and in the eye of the law it would be a surplice, and nothing more." The Rev. Mr. BENNETT, Vicar of Froome, objects to this new device, and thinks that such a nondescript garment would make its wearer ridiculous.

Mr. MACKESON, an authority in London ecclesiastical statistics, has issued a guide to the churches of the Establishment in the great metropolis and its suburbs. The total number is 848. Of these, 362 celebrate the Holy Communion weekly; 39 daily; early—that is, fasting—communion is celebrated in 440; there is a choral celebration in 228; in 245 the seats are free; in 35 eucharistic vestments are used; in 16 there is incense; in 58 there are altar lights; in 152 the eastward position is assumed by the clergyman at the communion table.

The question of the liberty of ministers to deviate from the doctrinal standards to which they have pledged their adhesion was fully discussed in the British Wesleyan Conference during its late session in Bristol. Several young ministers had resigned, for the reason that they could not accept the doctrine of eternal punishment as taught by the Wesleyans. No objection was made to their resigning, and they left the Conference without ecclesiastical censure. One of their friends urged their retention, on the ground that the Conference ought not to compel men to withdraw because in their views they dissented from the Church's doctrinal statements. This plea was, however, rejected with great unanimity. The speaker who expressed the sense of the Conference said: "It was a *sine qua non* that the minister resigned his liberty of thought upon the fundamental doctrines contained in the standards.... It is no strength to us to have a hundred more preachers about whom you do not know when they go into your pulpits what they will teach.... Methodist preaching is a *testimony*," etc., etc. As such cases have appeared in this country as well as in England, the facts here noted are of interest. It should not be forgotten, however, in this discussion, that every Church is organized on the basis of a certain faith, and that the object of its existence is the propagation of that faith. Ministers, therefore, who are the pledged teachers of a creed, can with fairness be asked to withdraw from the teaching function when they have ceased, in any important particular, to hold the belief of their Church. Separation on such account does not imply censure. It simply means we no longer agree, and so must part.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE legend of the Wild Huntsman is common to many countries under various forms. In Germany and in Norway it is Odin or Wodin who nightly tears on his white horse over the German and Norwegian forests and moor-sweeps with his legion of hell-hounds. Some luckless wood-cutter on a still night is returning through the pine woods; the air is sweet-scented with the matchless fragrance of the pines; overhead the sky is covered with a gray vapor, but a mist is on all the land; not a sound is heard among the fir-tops, and the man starts at the click of a falling cone. Suddenly his ear catches a distant wail; a moan sounds through the interlacing branches; nearer and nearer comes the wild and curious noise. There is the winding of a long horn, waxing louder and louder, the baying of hounds, the rattle of hoofs and paws on the pine-tree tops. A blast of wind rolls along, the firs bend as withes, and the wood-cutter sees the Wild Huntsman and his rout reeling by in frantic haste.

The Wild Huntsman chases the wood spirits, and he is to be seen at cock-crow returning with the little dryads hanging to his saddle-bow by their yellow locks. This chase goes by different names. The huntsman in parts of Germany is still called Wôde, and the chase after him Wüthendes Heer. In Danzig the huntsman is Dyterbjernat, that is, Diedrick of Bern, the same as Theodoric the Great. In Schleswig he is Duke Abel, who slew his brother in 1250. In Normandy, in the Pyrenees, and in Scotland, King Arthur rides nightly through the land. In the Franche-Comté he is Herod in pursuit of the Holy Innocents. In Norway the hunt is called the Aaskarreya, the chase of the inhabitants of Asgarth. Hence, perhaps, our word *scurry*. In Sweden, it is Odin's hunt.

The Netherland account of the Wild Huntsman runs as follows: In the neighborhood of the castle of Wynedal there dwelt, a long time ago, an aged peasant who had a son that was entirely devoted to the chase. When the old peasant lay on his death-bed he called his son to him for the purpose of giving him a last Christian exhortation. He came not, but whistling to his dogs, went out into the thicket. At this the old man was struck with despair, and cursed his son with the appalling words, "Hunt, then, forever!—ay, forever!" He then turned his head away and died. From that time the unhappy son has wandered restless about the woods, and the whole neighborhood re-echoes with the voice of the huntsman and the baying of his dogs.

In Thuringia and elsewhere it is Hakelnberg, or Hackelnbärend, who thus rides, and for this reason: Hakelnberg was a knight passionately fond of the chase. On his death-bed he would not listen to the priest or hearken to his mention of heaven. "I do not care for heaven," growled he; "I care only for the hunt." "Then hunt till the last day!" exclaimed the priest. And now, through storm and rain, the huntsman rides on. A faint barking or yelping in the air announces his approach; a screech-owl flies before him, called by the people Tutösel. Wanderers who fall in his way throw themselves on their faces and let him ride over them.

Near Fontainebleau, in France, Hugh Capet is believed to ride. He is known to have blown his horn loudly and rushed over the palace with all his hounds before the assassination of Henry IV. At Blois, the hunt is called Chasse Macabée. This name comes from the following verses of the Bible, Maccabees, ii. 2-4: "Thus it happened that through all the city, for the space of almost forty days, there were seen horsemen running in the air in cloth of gold, and armed with lances like a band of soldiers. And troops of horsemen in array, encountering and running against one another, with shaking of shields and multitudes of pikes, and drawing of swords and casting of darts, and glittering of golden ornaments and harness of all sorts. Wherefore every man prayed that the apparition might come to good."

In some places it is said that children who die unbaptized often join in the rout. In the Bern Oberland the legend goes that two children were on the moor together; one slept, the other was awake. Suddenly the wild hunt swept by, and a voice called, "Shall we wake the child?" "No," answered a second voice; "it will be with us soon." The sleeping child died that night.

In the twelfth century the hunt was called in England the Herlething; it appeared in the reign of Henry II., and was witnessed by many. The banks of the Wye were the scene of the most frequent chases. At the head of the troop rode the ancient British King Herla. This monarch had once been to the marriage feast of a dwarf who lived in the mountain. As he left the bridal hall the host presented him with horses, dogs, and hunting gear; also with a blood-hound, which was set on the saddle-bow before the king, and the troop were bidden not to get off their horses till the dog leaped down. On returning to his palace the king learned that he had been absent two hundred years, which had passed as one night while he was in the mountain with the dwarf. Some of the retainers jumped off their horses, and as they reached the ground fell into dust. But the king and the rest ride on until the blood-hound leaps from the saddle, which will be on the Day of Judgment. Gervaise of Tilbury says that in the thirteenth century, by full moon, toward evening, the wild hunt was frequently seen in England traversing forest and down.

In Devonshire the spectral pack is called the "Wisht hounds," a name which has been said to be derived from Wodin's name, Wunsch, corrupted into Wisht. The "Gabriel hounds," under which title we hear of them in Durham and some parts of Yorkshire, are described as monstrous human-headed dogs, which traverse the air, and are often heard, though seldom seen. Sometimes they appear to hang over a house, and then a death or calamity is sure to visit it. One Yorkshire man relates that when a child was burned to death in Sheffield a few years ago, the neighbors immediately called to mind how the Gabriel hounds had passed above the house not long before. From another quarter there comes a story of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head. They accompanied him the whole way—about a mile—then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it, and found that the patient had just breathed his last.

Scoffers at the supernatural are given to accounting for these demonstrations on the part of the ghostly inhabitants of the air by the theory that the sounds are the strange, unearthly cries of the wild fowl on their journey southward, the whirring of their wings supplying the rushing sound that suggests a chase. Mr. Tarrell, the distinguished ornithologist, states that the birds in question are bean-geese, which leave the north in large flocks on the approach of winter, many of them coming from Scotland and its islands, but the larger number from Scandinavia. They choose dark nights for their migration, and utter a loud and very peculiar cry. Thus it is not surprising that the wild hills and cheerless moors of the British Islands should, in the imagination of their inhabitants, be peopled with a strange and ghostly army, or that the queer, unearthly cry uttered by these birds, so like the yelping of dogs, should engender a belief in a pack of spectral hounds. Wordsworth, in a sonnet, speaks of the legend of the Gabriel hounds, but evidently connects it with the German story of the Wild Huntsman, for which no such practical solution has yet been offered. He tells of a peasant, poor and aged, yet endowed

> "With ample sovereignty of eye and ear;
> Rich were his walks with supernatural cheer:
> He the seven birds hath seen that never part,
> Seen the seven whistlers on their nightly rounds,
> And counted them! And oftentimes will start,
> For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds,
> Doomed with their impious lord the flying hart
> To chase forever on aerial grounds."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN eminent Scottish divine happened to meet two of his parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer jocularly and ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask do you look upon them as white or black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are here long, they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

Occasions of adversity do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

A man's dearest object should be his wife; but, alas! sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe.

There are three banks in the United States having ladies as tellers, and it is wonderful how quick they change a fifty-dollar bill for a good-looking man.

It is easy enough to rectify whiskey, but it is difficult to rectify the errors which whiskey causes.

SAID IN INNOCENCE.—The jewelry trade has been dull, but dealers say there is a "movement" in watches.

"A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he's dead."

Some one says old maids go by the name of "wilted lilies" now. Probably because, years ago, when certain young men asked them, "Wilt thou?" they wilted not.

AUNT EMILY. "Why, Nellie, don't you know it is unkind to catch hold of your sister and pull her hair?"

NELLIE (*who doesn't see it*). "Well, auntie, I saw you holding Cousin Frank round the neck quite tightly yesterday when mamma was out, and pulling his hair, and he didn't say any thing."

At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD—From west to east.

An old negro cook says, "Sass am powerful good in ebery ting but chil'n. Dey needs some oder kind ob dressin'."

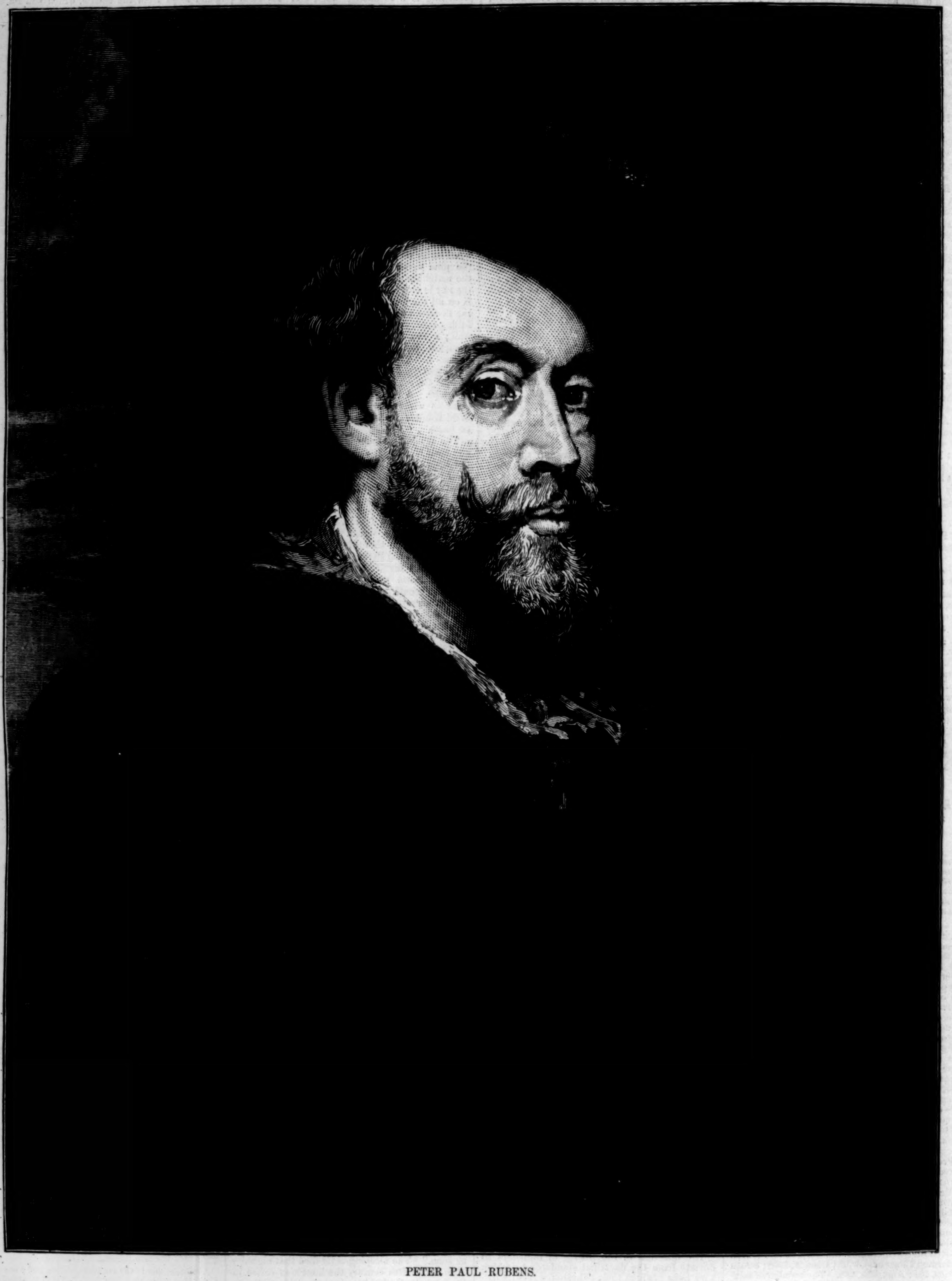
Wishing to perpetuate the name of her lover, an Irish belle called her cat Cleopatra, because the cognomen had Pat in it.

A shop-keeper in the far West, having had a stormy discussion with his better half, put the shutters up and affixed the following notice: "Closed during altercations."

Years ago, when Abraham Lincoln was a "deck hand" on a flat-boat, a man said to him, "Some of the girls who pass up and down the river on these arks are perfect divinities." "Yes," replied the young boatman, "real ark angels."

The following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business; they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter: "Tell him (1) we'll see; (2) to use blacker ink; (3) to round his letters; and (4) that there's no *h* in exorbitant."

A gentleman who had entered upon his anecdotage had just finished narrating to a friend an incident that happened in his boyhood. "That occurrence must have made a great impression upon you," remarked his friend, rather feelingly. "Why so?" "Because you have told me the story at least a hundred times."



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

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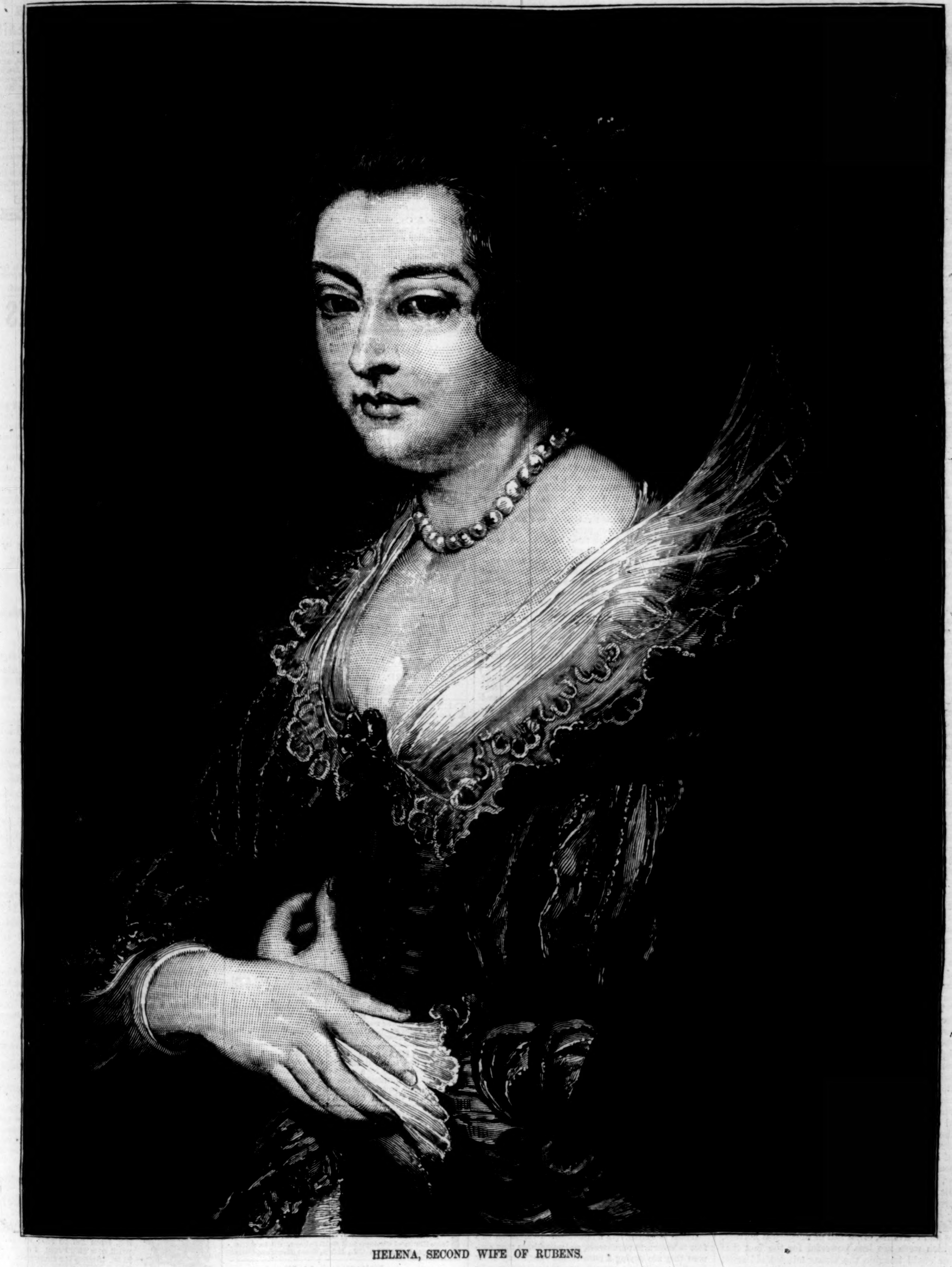
"THERE is only one RUBENS in Flanders, as there is only one SHAKSPEARE in England," says TAINE. Among all the Flemish painters, RUBENS stands prominent as the artist of greatest daring, the richest colorist, and the most powerful modeler of the human form. Whether his canvas is filled with a single figure, or crowded to excess with dancing fauns, or with lost sinners writhing in the fires of hell, the subject is always handled with the same power and precision. There is no weakness visible in a single line, and one must perforce lend himself to the influence of the artist mind, and tremble with terror or delight, as the case may be. In the RUBENS hall of the Old Pinakothek, at Munich, there hangs one of his terrible canvases, representing "The Last Judgment." However strong may be one's faith in Divine love and mercy, it is impossible to stand before this picture without quaking. One may turn to the serene portraits and to the peaceful flower-crowned Madonnas hanging in the same hall, in the vain endeavor to ease one's troubled spirit, but without avail; the dreadful contortions and agonies of the forms flung by the avenging angel to eternal misery will haunt one for days to come. The life of RUBENS was that of a quiet, successful gentleman. The bitter struggles with fortune which fall to the lot of so many of those whom nature has endowed with artistic power never came across his path. He lived and died in comfortable circumstances, and universally honored and respected.

RUBENS was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, in the month of June, 1577, on the day of the festival of St. PETER and St. PAUL, and his parents gave him the names of both apostles at his baptism. Soon after his birth, his father, who had been driven from the Low Countries by the religious and political troubles of the time, settled in Cologne, and in this picturesque old city RUBENS spent his boyhood.

BARTHOLOMEW RUBENS, the grandfather of the artist, was a native of the Austrian province of Styria. He had been attached to the house of the Emperor CHARLES V., and came to Flanders in order to be present at the coronation of the emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. Here he met a pretty Flemish maiden, whose charms were so powerful that he gave up his position at court that he might marry her and establish himself near her family. JOHN RUBENS, a son of this Styrian courtier and his Flemish wife, was the father of PETER PAUL. He had married an Antwerp lady, and had already six children when PETER PAUL was born. In those days the birth of the seventh child was hailed with great joy, as fortune was supposed to shower special favors upon that lucky member of the family. It is said that this child was uncommonly beautiful and of a remarkable intelligence. His father watched his education with intense interest. He himself was a man of much culture, and directed in person the studies of his son. He was accustomed to converse with him in Latin, and such was the boy's facility for learning, that at the age of ten he was able to read Greek and Latin authors. His physical cul-



HELENA, SECOND WIFE OF RUBENS.

ture, meanwhile, had not been neglected. He was a graceful horseman, and active in all boyish sports.

While still under twelve years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother, finding herself alone with a family of children, decided to return to Antwerp, where her relatives were still residing. Countess Lalaing, who had stood as godmother to the young Rubens, expressed a wish to take her godson into her own household and instruct him in the arts of elegant society, and, the mother consenting, thither he accordingly went. But a lazy, elegant life was not suited to the boy, and he pined for more active enjoyments. He began to employ his leisure by sketching, and at last finished a small picture, which so delighted and astonished his relatives that his mother yielded to his earnest solicitation, and suffered him to enter the studio of Adam van Dort, a painter of repute in Antwerp, as a student. He remained nearly two years in this studio, but although happy in his art studies, his life under Van Dort was subjected to much annoyance. The artist was a man of violent temper, to which was added the vice of intoxication. At times his treatment of his pupil was any thing but gentlemanly. It is said that one day he even attempted to beat young Jordeans, who was a rather feeble boy. Rubens, a powerful, athletic lad, rushed to the defense of his fellow-student, and after rescuing the boy, and satisfying his love of justice by giving the master a sound beating, he took his palette and brushes and returned to his mother.

Madame Rubens was somewhat at a loss what to do with this daring, robust boy; but fortune threw him in the way of Otto van Veen, better known as Otto Venius, an artist of Brussels, in whose studio he passed three happy years. He afterward, by the advice of Van Veen, went to study in Italy. The Archduke Albert, then Viceroy of the Netherlands, and his wife, the Infanta Isabella, had taken Rubens under their special patronage, and on his departure for Italy they provided him with letters of recommendation which secured him a cordial reception there, and his learning, his handsome person, and elegant manners made him a general favorite. His first visit was to Venice, where he made careful studies of the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto. The powerful drawing and rich coloring of these masters fascinated him, and their influence may be seen in all of his mature works. While he was too original and independent in his own robust genius to found his style upon that of any other artist, he was wise enough to learn from what he recognized as good in others.

The Duke of Mantua, whose family had always been distinguished as patrons of art, sent for Rubens, and retained him a long time in his household, overwhelming him with honors. It was to fulfill a diplomatic mission for the duke that led Rubens to visit the court of Philip III. of Spain. While in that country he painted portraits of the king and many of the grandees, and returned to Mantua loaded with gold chains and orders, only to be received with open arms, and complimented on the skillful diplomacy with which he had managed the private affairs of the duke.

After visiting Florence and Rome, he returned home, his journey hastened by news of his mother's illness. She died, however, before RUBENS could reach her; for in those days a journey across the mountains from Italy to the North Countries was an undertaking often requiring months for accomplishment.

On arriving at Antwerp he was cordially received by the Archduke ALBERT, who at once appointed him court painter, and induced him to settle there. Desiring leisure and quiet for work, RUBENS bought a house in Antwerp, which he filled with the treasures he had collected during his Italian sojourn. His residence is described by social records of the time as palatial, resembling the villa of an Italian prince both in its exterior style and interior decorations.

Soon after settling in Antwerp he married his first wife, ELIZABETH BRANTS. She was a simple, modest lady, of great refinement and dignity, and made his home very happy. There are various portraits of her, painted by her husband—one in the Old Pinakothek on the same canvas with himself—which portray her features as more distinguished for feminine grace and tenderness than for regular beauty. That she loved her husband and made his life very happy there are abundant proofs.

After seventeen years of quiet and successful labor, broken only by a trip to Paris, where he was summoned by MARIE DE MEDICIS to decorate the palace of the Luxembourg with a series of allegorical paintings illustrating her own life, RUBENS met with the first and only real sorrow of his life. His wife ELIZABETH died, and left his hitherto cheerful home desolate.

As a distraction from his troubles, he made a journey to the Hague, and afterward visited both Spain and England in a diplomatic capacity, his eldest son ALBERT accompanying him.

In 1630, four years after the death of his wife, he returned to settle in Antwerp. At this time he married again. His second wife was HELENA FORMAN, a celebrated beauty, who, it is said, although very young herself, was only too happy to become the wife of the man of fifty, that she might share the honors of his position. Madame HELENA filled her place in his household with great elegance, and was the mother of five of his children, but her character lacked sweetness, and his home was not as happy as during his first marriage. The great beauty of HELENA delighted her artist husband, and he painted many portraits of her. She is generally represented as a proud, stately lady in a rich costume, her countenance expressive of languid complacency. There are many portraits of RUBENS, painted by himself. They all represent a man in whose countenance beauty and strength are combined to an unusual degree. The costume is invariably artistic, and the coloring wonderful. The portraits on pages 708 and 709 represent RUBENS as he appeared in the full vigor of his manhood, and the fair, proud HELENA FORMAN, his second wife. The engravings are copies from two of his best specimens of portraiture.

RUBENS'S career as a painter was brought to a close before he was sixty years of age by severe attacks of gout which incapacitated him for work, and rendered his hands so helpless that he was unable to grasp a brush. This same disease at length caused his death, and on the 30th of May, 1640, Antwerp was in mourning for its favorite artist and citizen.

It is pleasant to contemplate a character so healthy and well-balanced as was that of RUBENS. Morbid fancy was foreign to him. He delighted in robust physical perfection. His paintings are not spiritual; they do not possess a trace of the almost divine delicacy of RAPHAEL, nor of the deep significance of TITIAN; but there is in them a grand power of conception and depth of color which have secured them a foremost place through two hundred years—a place they will continue to hold while the canvases remain firm.

The old Flemish masters are all remarkable for immense depth of shadow, so deep often that now when the atmosphere of centuries has softened the more brilliant coloring, the clearest sunlight is necessary to bring out the details, and in some cases even the prominent points, of the painting. On sunless days, when only a dull, clouded light penetrates the apartment, how many hapless tourists have wandered in despair through European galleries gazing upon universal duskiness, and striving in vain to trace even the outlines of many celebrated pictures! RUBENS delighted in these deep shadows, and some of his paintings have almost vanished into the obscurity of the background; but he also loved color, and knew how to use it better than most of his school, and his pictures, as a rule, are better preserved than others of that period.

His genius was very varied. He painted religious pictures of Madonnas and saints for churches and convents, often full of allegorical horrors, which were not less powerful for the fact that one could imagine the strong-minded old artist smiling with grim humor as he painted them. For his royal patrons he painted portraits and all classes of profane subjects. The "Rape of the Sabines," of the British Gallery, which has been called "a perfect nosegay of color," and "Sleeping Wood-Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," in the Pinakothek, are magnificent specimens of this class. As an animal painter he shows equal power, and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS pronounced him to be the only artist of his time who could paint lions and horses. His landscapes are executed with the same freshness and vigor of conception as characterize all his other works. RUBENS was, without doubt, the most remarkable of the Flemish painters. His life formed an epoch in the history of that school of art, and when he died he left the rich inheritance of his experience to VANDYCK, TENIERS, and others who were his pupils.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE reports concerning the famine in Southern India are truly heart-rending. No less than five hundred thousand deaths from starvation have already taken place, and this number is constantly increasing at such a fearful rate that it will probably reach millions. A journey over one of the roads is said to have resembled the path of a great battle in the number of its dead and dying. The districts over which the drought prevails cover a tract of territory seven times as large as England, and nine-tenths of the inhabitants are wholly dependent upon their crops for subsistence, which are now entirely cut off. How to provide for these suffering people is a matter of grave and earnest deliberation in England.

The first vessel bearing the Japanese flag which ever entered the port of London recently arrived in the Thames from Japan. The crew were mostly Japanese, and the captain reports that they behaved admirably, and in any emergency were always ready to do their part.

It has been decided to have the Permanent Exhibition in Philadelphia open on Sunday. More than eleven thousand attended the first opening on that day, most of these from the working classes. A grand sacred concert was given in the Music Hall. Every thing was conducted in the most orderly manner; no machinery was permitted to run, and no sales of merchandise were allowed.

The City Library of New York, now emerging from its long-continued confusion, by the efforts of its present librarian, has a rich collection of French public documents and other works rarely seen in this country. These were obtained chiefly through the agency of Monsieur Alexandre Vattemare—a man who was originally a conjurer and ventriloquist, but whose especial hobby was the international exchange of books and public documents. A large number of exchanges were effected through him some thirty or forty years ago. Among the rare volumes is a large folio dictionary of the Chinese language, with French and Latin translations, published at Paris by order of the First Napoleon in 1813. This was a gift from the city of Rouen to the city of New York. Another present from the city of Rouen is the *Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens*, in six volumes, printed at Paris by Didot in 1823, and illustrated with three hundred and twenty-five beautiful plates. Still another interesting and valuable work is a large volume filled with finely executed portraits of the French kings and queens and other illustrious persons. There are also in the library two fine pictures—one of Napoleon I., represented as rising from his tomb, the other representing Charles X. receiving guests in the Louvre. Both these were probably obtained through the agency of Monsieur Vattemare.

It is said that Italy has declined to send her treasures of ancient art to the Paris Exhibition, ostensibly because she fears they might be damaged in the journey there or back, but really because Italy is making preparations for a world's fair of her own at Rome, and wisely means to keep her most characteristic possessions for display on that occasion.

An illustration of heterophemy, with sad results, lately occurred in Cincinnati. A physician went to a drug store and asked for six grains of morphine, half of which he gave to his little boy. He had intended to ask for quinine, and it was only after the effects of the drug began to show themselves that he realized something was wrong, and, examining the package for the first time, saw that it was marked morphine. Antidotes, though promptly given, were of no avail to prevent the death of the child. This fearful experience should teach every body to at least examine the labels on all medicines before administering them.

Amherst College may be considered very fortunate in becoming the possessor of the valuable scientific collections of Professor Shepard, having recently purchased them for the sum of $40,000. These collections are said to be the largest ever formed by one individual, and the best now possessed by any college or university in this country or Europe.

The report of the Berlin Photographic Society shows the great progress of the art of photography. During the past year forty million cartes de visite were produced in Germany, three thousand photographers employed, and about nine thousand pounds of nitrate of silver used.

A new enemy threatens the cranberry crop on Cape Cod. It is a worm which eats the blossoms and the fruit. It is stated that more than three thousand bushels are already destroyed. Paris green, which kills the insect, is too dangerous an article to be used, and various experiments are being tried.

About ten thousand artificial eyes are sold annually in the United States, but this does not supply half the number who suffer this optical deficiency. It is said that in proportion to the population there are more one-eyed people in Paterson, New Jersey, than in any other place. Those who live in towns that have foundries and factories, and whose air is impregnated with soot and smoke, are more liable to this defect. The color for eyes most in demand is what is known as "Irish blue"—a peculiarly light azure that predominates in Ireland. The average cost of an eye is $10.

Coffee is extensively adulterated. Sometimes this fact is known to purchasers, and sometimes they suppose they are buying a pure article—until they drink it. When sold in a ground state, the mixture usually contains a little coffee and a good deal of chiccory, and roasted pease, beans, rye, etc. Chiccory is very universally used. Many persons prefer a small proportion of it with coffee, but its comparative cheapness is a temptation to add an undue proportion of this substance. In European countries the law requires the amount used to be specified on each package. A simple method for the detection of foreign substances in ground coffee consists in slightly stirring the suspected sample with cold water and observing the color of the liquid and the gravity of the powder. Pure coffee will remain floating upon the surface of the water for some time, and fails to impart a perceptible color to it, whereas chiccory and beans (especially the former) at once sink to the bottom and color the liquid decidedly. Other substances which also rise to the surface of the water can be easily distinguished from coffee by their appearance and taste. If, on opening the package, the contents are caked, or show a tendency to cake, the presence of chiccory is indicated.

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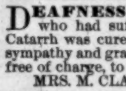

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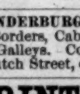

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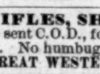

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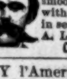

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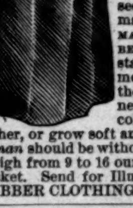

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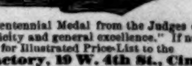

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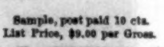

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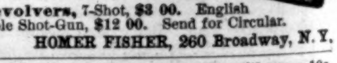

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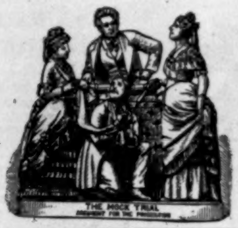

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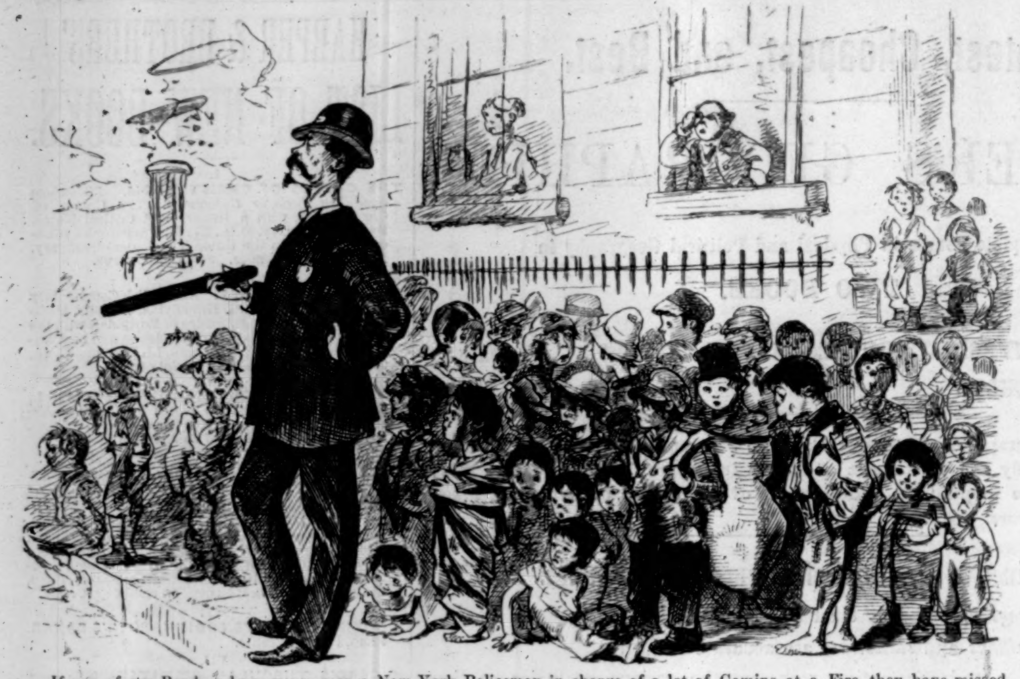

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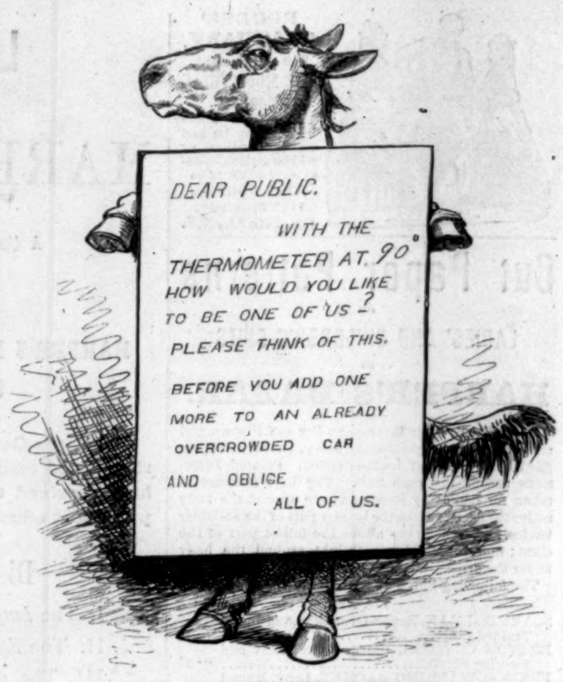
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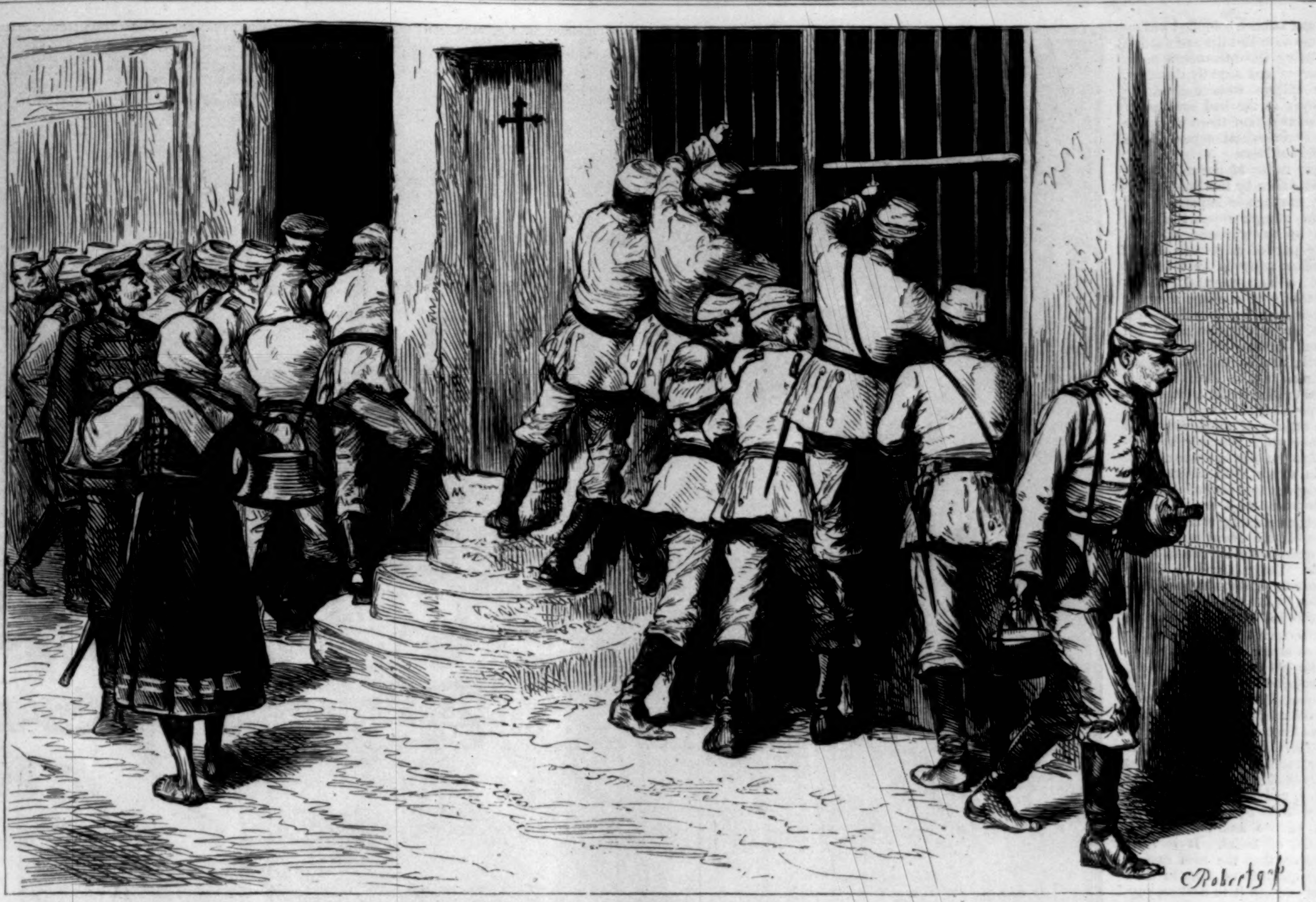

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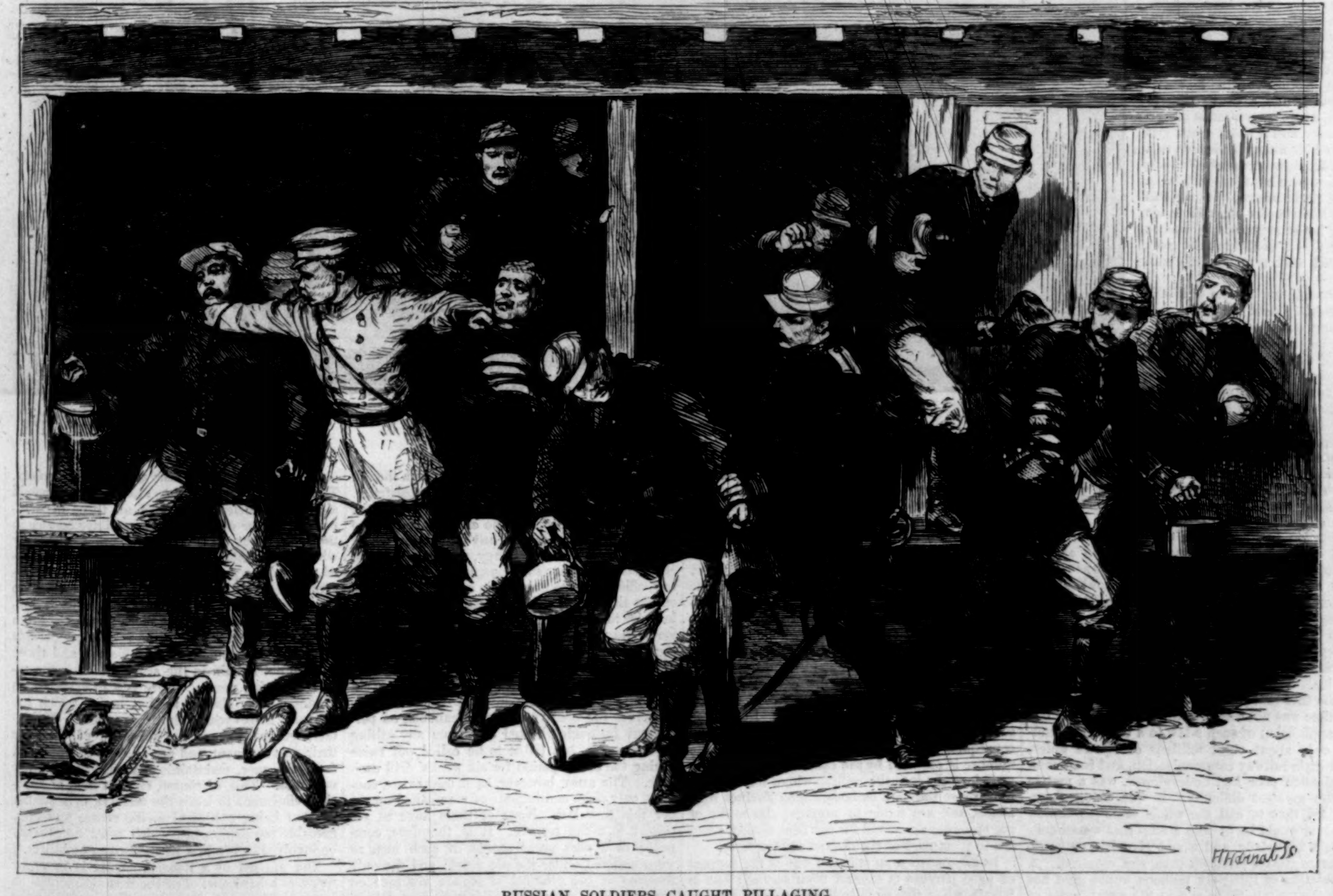
NOTWITHSTANDING the admirable discipline that exists in the Russian army, there are occasions when, in the flush of victory, the spirit of plunder becomes too strong to be successfully controlled. Since the crossing of the Danube the excitement of the Russian soldiery has known no bounds, and frequently it expresses itself in a most unwarrantable appropriation of the enemy's property. The two scenes on this page were sketched at Biela—a town lying to the southwest of Rustchuk, on the road to Tirnova. After the occupation of Biela by General ARNOLDI a detachment of infantry was sent forward to garrison the fortifications. Owing to some negligence in regard to placing patrols about the streets, the soldiers commenced plundering, and after a short time they even ceased to distinguish between the deserted houses of the hated Turks and the dwellings of their beloved Bulgarian brethren, whom they had crossed the Danube to set free.

At the time of the Russian entry into Biela there were residing in the town two Englishmen—one a Mr. FORBES, connected with the London *Daily News*, and the other an artist, Mr. VILLIERS, the author of our sketches. Early in the morning of July 7 the latter was awakened in the house where he was sleeping by the noise of the smashing of wood-work, and found that the soldiers had broken open a liquor shop, and were pillaging right and left. Presently they challenged the house he was in, but on his telling them that it was a Christian and not a Turkish dwelling, and, moreover, occupied by gentlemen accompanying the army, they retired. Shortly afterward, however, they broke into the cellars in search of wine, and in a few moments came a wild tumult about the door and a clamoring for admittance. Mr. VILLIERS opened the door, and found four soldiers maddened with rage and vitriol; for, instead of wine, the soldiers had found and imbibed some of that fiery liquid, which the proprietor of the house used for cleaning wool. The soldiers had at once concluded that the house was a Turkish dwelling, and that the "devil's drink" had been purposely stored for their destruction. Seizing upon Mr. FORBES's servant, whom they took for the proprietor, they tried to force him to drink the liquid, but upon Mr. VILLIERS interfering, arrested the latter for a spy, and took him to their officer, who, recognizing his correspondent's badge, at once set him free. The artist then, seeing the plundering continue, walked up to the camp on the heights and asked the colonel commanding to send down a guard—a



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CAUGHT PILLAGING.

request at once complied with—and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the marauders made prisoners and soundly thrashed. The officers were exceedingly annoyed at the bad conduct of the soldiery, and there was some talk of compensation being made to the sufferers.

One cause of the marauding spirit shown by the Russian soldier, and a most important one, is the meagre support allowed him by the government. The daily pay of a private in the Russian army is just half a cent; a lance-corporal receives two-thirds of a cent; a senior non-commissioned officer one cent, and a sergeant-major five cents. In time of war, on the march, and during manœuvres the men receive increased pay, equal to fifty per cent. more than the ordinary pay; and instead of the rations of fresh meat and brandy which formerly were issued to the men in peace as well as in war, a mess allowance is now given to non-commissioned officers and men during peace, varying, according to the market prices in the towns where they are quartered, from two to three cents. Yet this gives a larger allowance than might be expected, for, by the rules of the Greek Church, 169 days of the year are fast days, on which the men may eat no meat; so that the whole of the 365 days' allowance may be enjoyed on the 196 days of the year during which the consumption of meat is permitted. In addition to this the men receive certain rations in kind: the daily rations per man is about two pounds of flour, a little peeled barley, and salt, which is supposed to be equivalent to a ration of two and three-quarter pounds of bread. It is said, however, that the men save a large quantity of flour in each mess and sell it to dealers, buying other and more savory articles with the proceeds. They also earn money by hiring themselves out as laborers, painters, etc., a part of the money thus earned being paid into the mess fund. But for this addition the Russian soldier would have scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. The usual drink is called *kvas* or quass; it is prepared from flour and leaven.

Yet on this poor food the Russian endures great hardships and makes wonderful marches. He supports both intense heat and bitter cold better, perhaps, than the soldiers of any other nation. Some of the marches made during the present war show the marvelous endurance of the Russian troops. In coarse and ill-made clothing, with a heavy knapsack and a heavy rifle to carry, with ninety rounds of ammunition and a short sword girt around his waist, in addition to a bayonet always fixed, the Russian soldier, with his feet swathed in linen cloths instead of socks, and with his trousers tucked into his long boots, steps out at such a pace that it is difficult for even a good walker to keep up with him.

The military system of Russia is probably more rigid than that of any other country, and the manner in which recruits are raised shows the value set upon the army by the ruling powers. For administrative purposes Russia is divided into governments, and these into circles. Each government has a military commander, and each circle a circle commander. The latter officer is a member of the circle recruiting commission, to which is confided the levy, by lot, of the conscripts. The circle commander is responsible for their adaptation to the various departments of arms. Men of special intelligence or education are assigned to the engineer or artillery corps; those well built for riding, or with a knowledge of horses, to the cavalry. The Guard has the choice among all recruits.

In November, 1870, while the Germans were besieging Paris, an imperial ukase was issued proclaiming every Russian male liable for military service. What power this gave may be estimated by the fact that the male population of Russia at the time was not less than thirty-six millions; but the application of such a law to a country extending over about eight millions of square miles, with little railway communication, and road communication poor and undeveloped, was a matter of the greatest difficulty. It was at once recognized that to call the whole male population to arms would be to take a step that would ruin Russia financially, and would give her an army of even greater strength than she required. A population of thirty-six millions would give not less than six millions within the usual limits of age considered desirable for soldiers, and accordingly an annual contingent of only about twenty-five per cent. of those attaining twenty-one years of age was yearly to be drawn, the remainder, who might escape conscription for the regular army, being organized into local militia, in which they were to remain until their thirty-sixth year.

In January of 1874 a new law was passed, the one under which the Russian army is now formed, though, of course, the greater number of the troops at present serving were enlisted under the old regulations. According to the new law, the forces of Russia are divided into an active army, a reserve, and a militia or general levy. Finland alone of all the Russian provinces is exempt from the operation of this law. Every year some 700,000 men attain the age of liability, and consequently from one-fourth to one-fifth of the number is required by the conscription. The remainder pass into the militia, where for the first four years they are embodied into distinct regiments, and are liable to augment the ranks of the standing army, and for the next sixteen years are to form part of the district militia force.

In all countries an only son who is the support of aged parents is exempt from service; but in Russia, when the parents have attained the age of fifty-five, their only son is exempt, even though they possess independent means of subsistence. Postponement of the time of entry into the army is also granted to those who are engaged in the study of professions, or in any occupation which is useful to the state. Clergy, medical students, chemists, veterinary surgeons, artists, school-masters, officers of the mercantile marine, and others obtain either exemption or postponement; while, in order to encourage education, the term of service in the ranks is abridged to two years for the recruit possessing even the most elementary instruction, such as is given in the private schools. The ordinary recruit serves in the active army six years. He then passes into the reserve, where he serves for nine years or thereabouts, on permanent furlough, allowed to pursue any calling or occupation, but liable to be called out twice during the entire period for six weeks' drill each time. The army, however, as it now exists, contains only three contingents of men called up under this new law. None of them have as yet passed into the reserve. It is, therefore, composed to a very great extent of such men as were enlisted under the old rules; and the only reserves at the disposal of Russia are men on furlough, who, under the old system, served from eight to thirteen years in the army with the colors. The numerous exceptions above named would alone be sufficient to protect all those of a superior class or education from military service in the ranks; but there are additional methods by which regimental service as a soldier is avoided. If able to pass an educational test, any Russian may enlist as a volunteer, and, according to the degree of his education, his service is limited to twenty-four, six, or three months. From these men are selected, after very short periods of service, non-commissioned officers; and those who do not remain in the army pass into the reserve for nine years. There is also a system in existence very similar to that under which the German three-year volunteer enlists. Volunteers generally have the privilege of choosing their own regiment, and are allowed to live apart from the men, maintaining themselves at their own cost. This, of course, enables men of superior refinement to learn the training of a soldier without being subjected to the coarse and disagreeable companionship which must necessarily be involved in life in a barrack-room or billets.

The life led by a Russian soldier is in many respects a hard one. For the first six months he is attached to a training battalion, squadron, or battery, where he
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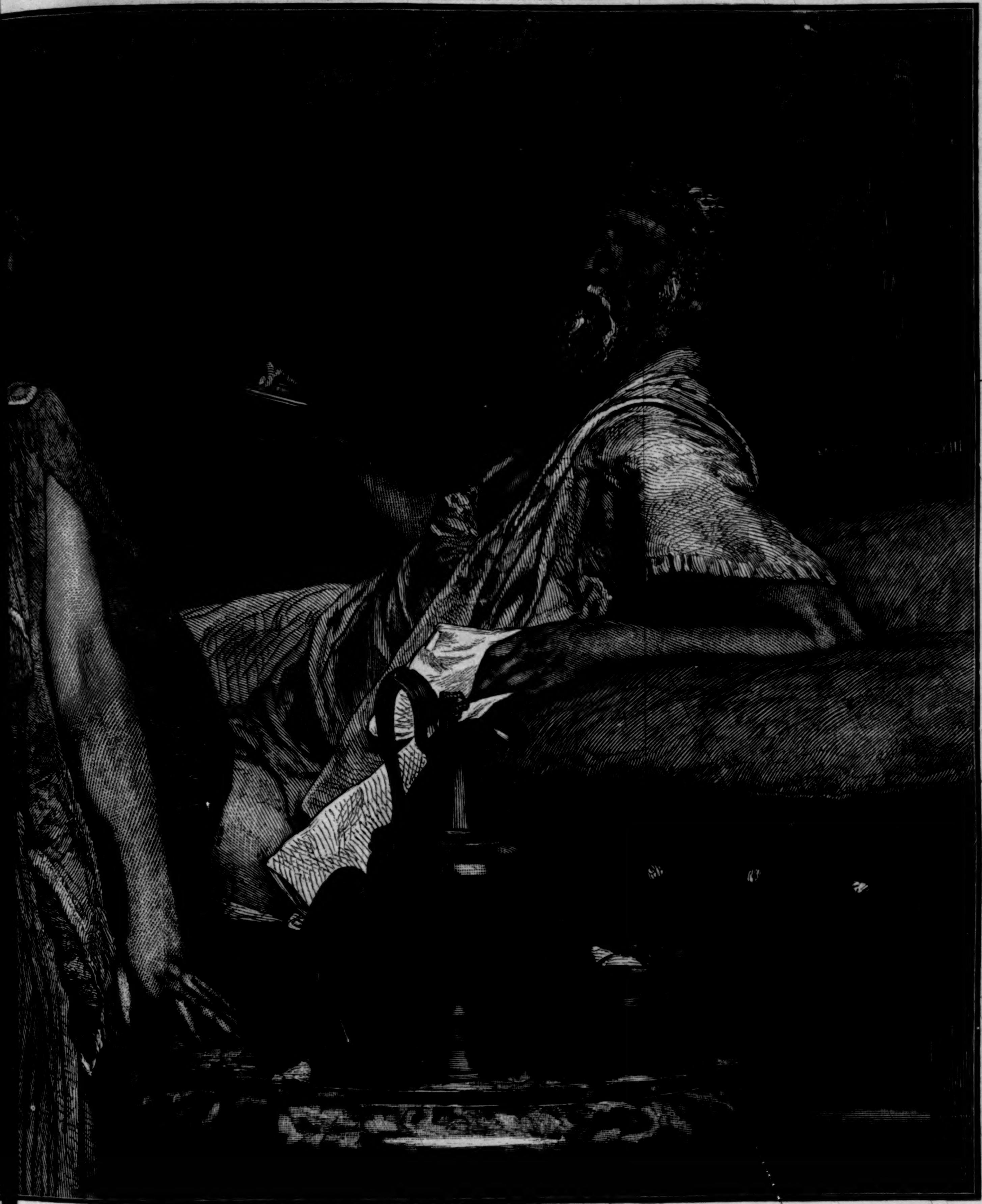
"BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR."—



EAR."— om the Painting by L. Alma Tadema.]

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gala days, the second for regimental and town parades, the third for rough work, and the fourth, or oldest, for barrack wear. His one little extravagance is vodka; but it is evident that the profits of the regimental canteen can not be very great, when we remember that the whole pay amounts to only half a cent per day. As a general rule, the Russian soldier does not smoke, and is rarely seen drunk save on great occasions. This, however, may be due to his want of money.

As regards the discipline of the troops, the scale of punishments in the Russian army would indicate that there is need for great severity. The disciplinary punishments that can be inflicted on the non-commissioned officers and men are as follows: reprimands; confinement to barracks; extra turns of fatigue and other duty; confinement to the guard-room, where no spirits or tobacco are allowed, and singing and even conversation with comrades are forbidden; solitary confinement on bread and water for a period limited to fourteen days, when for two days out of every three only bread, salt, and water are allowed, the ordinary ration being issued on the third day, and no candles being allowed after dark; and lastly, solitary confinement in a dark cell, limited to eight days. Corporal punishment can only be inflicted on men already on the punishment list, and may not exceed fifty lashes. Each rank, beginning with the corporal, has power to award a certain amount of punishment. Thus a corporal may give twenty-four hours' confinement to barracks; a sergeant-major, forty-eight hours; a subaltern, eight days; a captain, two months; a battalion commander, three months. No one under the rank of a captain of a company can award corporal punishment.

"BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR."

Laurenz Alma Tadema, the painter of this striking picture, was born at Dronryp, West Friesland, Holland, January 8, 1836. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Leeuwarden, where he devoted much of his time to the study of Roman and Egyptian antiquities. In 1852 he entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp, where he studied painting under Leys. Seven years ago he left Holland, and settled in London, where he has since devoted himself assiduously to his art. His pictures are deservedly popular.

The picture of which we give an engraving shows a blooming damsel, with a very big bouquet of roses and myrtle flowers, blushing and silent in the presence of her gray-haired father, who, recumbent barefoot on his couch, holds a silver goblet for his post-prandial potation: the dessert of fresh figs is a most luscious piece of pictorial edibility. His helmet and shield hang in the corner, with two spears beside them, and persuade the eye that he has a good right to take his ease in the decline of life. The maiden, we may surmise, has received an offer of marriage, put into demonstrative floral language by her nosegay, and she is hesitating to formulate it by word of mouth to her father, good-humored and paternally accessible though he looks. Both in countenance and in action her expression is exceedingly true; and the work, as a whole, keeps its place well in the long series of Tadema's successes in classical social life.

IN A TURKISH CAMP.

On the fourth page of our Supplement will be found a series of sketches suggested by the curious sights and scenes to be witnessed among the troops of Mouktar (or Mukhtar) Pasha during the encampment at Sarikamouch. This village lies at the eastern end of the Mellidooz Pass, and from the summit of a neighboring ridge a distinct view may be had of the great plain whereon lies the fortress of Kars.

The arrangements for the forces at Sarikamouch were of the most primitive and uncomfortable character. The troops bivouacked on the slopes on either side of the pass, in dense groves of fir-trees, at an elevation of 8200 feet above sea-level. Fire-wood there was in abundance, but the water supply was bad, and at a great distance. The means for supplying the latter article to the camp were inadequate and awkward in the extreme. In our engraving a mounted water-carrier, sitting erect and holding tight rein upon his steed, may have a certain air of picturesqueness, but to the thirsty men waiting for their scanty allowance to be doled out, he is an object of execration and disgust. Indeed, water scarcely seems to be regarded as a positive necessity of life among the Turks. A military correspondent says: "The arrangements of a Turkish army in this are perhaps more disgraceful than in any other respect. There are no such things as water pickets, and the consequence is that men bathe, wash linen, and water horses where they please. Those acquainted with Oriental customs well know how fatal they are to all hopes of a pure supply of water, and no soldier will wonder that in an army where no attention is paid to this most essential point, dysentery and sickness should be rife."

The Kurds and Circassians, those lawless allies of the Turk, form a most important element of Mouktar Pasha's army, and are an interesting study among warriors. They are men without any organization, under no discipline, and obedient to no chief—troops who go and come as they please. Rarely receiving pay, they are dependent for subsistence on their own exertions, and the loud complaints of their conduct which are heard on all sides, and which have constantly been reported to the commander-in-chief, show that there is a thorough understanding between the Turkish government and its levies as to the method of drawing their rations. It was only the day after Zewin that the Circassians deliberately refused to follow the Russians unless Ahmed Mouktar Pasha gave them 60,000 piastres. Instead of treating these mutineers as any other general would have done, their demands were complied with. Again, after the battle of Khalian, Moussa Pasha declined to advance, as his men had no tents; and finally hearing of a Cossack detachment in his front, fell back on Kupri Kui. Once more, a body of 11,000 Circassians, on arrival at Erzerum, proceeded in a body to the palace, and demanded revolvers in addition to their Winchester rifles, declaring that they would go no further until these were distributed. It is difficult to say which reflects more discredit on the army, the insolence of these men or the weakness of the leader who complied with their demands.

The Kurds proper of Turkish Kurdistan number something like a million of souls. While owning a nominal allegiance, first to the Saracen caliphs and afterward to the Turkish sultans, they have remained, until the late conquest of the Turks, as essentially independent as were their ancestors. They are most zealous Mohammedans, fierce, turbulent, and truculent, robbing and plundering upon every opportunity, and valuing the life of a man little higher than that of a dog. An ancient writer says: "They have no sort of scruple about killing a man, but would not miss a prayer for the world, though they have been known to fight in a mosque. Many years ago there was a quarrel between two districts about a dog, in which seventy persons were killed on the spot, of whom thirty fell in a mosque after they had joined together in public worship. They still fight at intervals about this same quarrel, and no encounter takes place without the slaughter of some men."

In their family relations the Kurds are frank, generous, hospitable, and attached not only to their children, like the Turks, but also to their wives. To the latter they accord an equality that is almost like that of Western nations. In personal appearance, if we may credit the portrait in our illustration, the Kurds are not an attractive race. Their costumes, however, are picturesque in the extreme. They wear on great occasions